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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

SEPTEMBER, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Story of "McClure's"

Whenever, on the occasion of some anniversary or other, any magazine that has achieved anything really worth while sees fit to print its literary reminiscences, the event is likely to be of considerable importance. Such was decidedly the case with the August number of *McClure's Magazine,* which celebrated that periodical's twentieth birthday. In the first place, we wish to congratulate *McClure's* on the production of a number of unusual variety and brilliance. After that our chief concern is with the pages devoted to the past and especially with the account written by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder of the days when *McClure's* began. When Miss Gilder first knew Mr. S. S. McClure he was a clerk in the publishing department of the Century Company with a small salary and an abundance of ideas. One day he went to Mr. Roswell Smith with the dummy of a projected periodical in which he suggested that it would be a good idea to print stories and short articles and exploitations of the *Century Magazine, St. Nicholas,* and any books the company might be publishing. His plan was to circulate the little paper through the newspapers, selling it or giving it for Sunday editions. Mr. Smith endorsed the idea as a good one, but said that it was not for the Century Company. Very soon after Mr. McClure was laying the foundations of his syndicate.

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He began by buying from Professor Hjalmar H. Boyesen, then a popular story writer, a short story, for which he paid him one hundred and fifty dollars. This story he had put in type by a friendly New York newspaper, and he sold enough copies of it for simultaneous publication in other newspapers to make him a handsome profit. In this way the syndicate was established, and the foundation laid for *McClure's Magazine.* In those days there were no magazines selling for less than twenty-five cents a

ROBERT BRIDGES, ENGLAND'S SIXTEENTH POET LAUREATE

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S. S. MC CLURE AT THE DOORWAY OF THE IRISH COTTAGE OF HIS BIRTH

copy. Mr. McClure knew just what he wanted. It was not merely a magazine, but one with a purpose. Yet the early days were days of struggle and anxiety, for money was lacking. Miss Gilder recalls that once the enthusiastic founder came to her with the suggestion that she and her brother take twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of stock in the new venture. After long deliberation the offer was declined. Dr. Henry Drummond, whose book, *The Greatest Thing in the World,* was the "best seller" of that day, showed wiser judgment, and supplied the necessary funds. But here is the gem of Miss Gilder's literary reminiscence. She tells how, one day, in "the anxious year of '93," Mr. McClure came to her office and said: "I am going to tell you the name of a wr[illegible] who is going to make the biggest liter[illegible] ensation we have known in years. [illegible]et out your pencil," he added, "and write the name down; for it is a strange one, and you might forget it." Then he spelled out the name of Rudyard Kipling, whom he had just discovered and whose writings he had secured for his syndicate and magazine. "I will give you another name," said Mr. McClure, "and you can write that down too; but it is easier to remember. It is Robert Louis Stevenson, and you will find him a close running mate to Kipling." These, Miss Gilder portentously informs us, were the kind of little surprises he was always springing on them.

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That *is* a good story. It really seems a shame to spoil it. But, as Mr. Gradgrind said, "facts are facts." If, in the summer of 1893 Stanley had just found Livingstone in the heart of Africa, we can imagine his holding out a pencil to the Doctor with the suggestion that the latter write down the name of Rudyard Kipling. But in the office building in the city of New York which was the home of *McClure's Magazine, The Critic, Scribner's Magazine,* and the bookstore of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the incident must be regarded in the light of a rhetorical flourish. In 1893 *School Boy Lyrics* was twelve years old, *Echoes* nine years old, *Department Ditties* seven years old, and

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JAMES HOPPER, AUTHOR OF "WHAT HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT AND OTHER STORIES"

Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, The Gadsbys, In Black and White, Under the Deodars, The Phantom Rickshaw, and *Wee Willie Winkle* five years old. In 1890 Kipling had found himself famous in London. In 1891 his *American Notes* were published in book form to rouse a storm of comment. To the books already enumerated he had added *Life's Handicap, The Light That Failed, Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Naulahka.* Still there was Mr. McClure imparting his tremendous secret and handing Miss Gilder a pencil in order that she might write down the name of Rudyard Kipling. When we recall that Robert Louis Stevenson died in 1894 the imparted information in his case is even more astonishing.

Other discoveries which Miss Gilder generously attributes to Mr. McClure are Stephen Crane, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, and Miss Ida Tarbell, all of which will probably be something of a surprise to Mr. Hawkins and Sir Arthur. The case of Miss Tarbell is somewhat different. She had been sending some articles to McClure's syndicate, and Mr. McClure went over to Paris from London to find her living, up four flights, in the Latin Quarter.

One day there came a knock at her door. "*Entrez,*" she called, supposing it was some one of the French people about the house. To her surprise, there stood a man, out of breath from running up four flights, a man whom she had never seen before. "I am S.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Mrs. Frederick, author of "The New Housekeeping," Consulting Household Editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and secretary of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, declares that the women of this country can save a million dollars a day by the application of scientific management to their household affairs.

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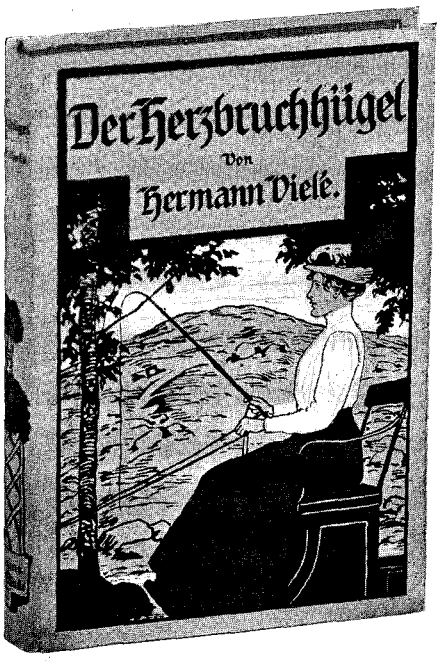
S. McClure," he said; and, pulling a watch from his pocket, he added: "I have come from London to see you, but I have only fifteen minutes to spare." Miss Tarbell invited him in. He sat down, and they talked steadily for two solid hours! What they talked about was *McClure's Magazine,* which was then only an idea buzzing in Mr. McClure's head. He stayed in Paris for a week, and they discussed the proposed magazine every waking hour of that week. He



COVER TO THE GERMAN TRANSLATION OF HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ'S "HEART BREAK HILL"

wanted Miss Tarbell to go back to America with him and take an editorial position on the proposed magazine. As she had some important work under way, she had to decline the flattering offer; but she had promised to be a contributor, for she was greatly interested in the idea, and had caught the enthusiasm that Mr. McClure so well knew how to create. After her return to this country, she was staying with her family in Titusville, Pennsylvania, when a telegram came from Mr. McClure, whose magazine had just been launched, telling her to come to New York at once, as he wanted her to write a life of Napoleon.

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Besides Miss Gilder's astonishing account of Mr. McClure's discovery of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson in 1893, there is another paragraph in the August issue of *McClure's* which is, to say the least, rather misleading. Under a portrait showing Stevenson with the Hawaiian King Kalakana there is information to the effect that *The Ebb Tide* began to appear serially in *McClure's* in 1894, and that *St. Ives* "started in March, 1897, and ran through nine months, being unconcluded at Stevenson's death." Stevenson died December 3, 1894.

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H. K. Vielé

The circle of the readers of the books of the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé was a wide one only comparatively. Yet this audience was an exceedingly discriminating one. All of Mr. Vielé's books, *The Inn of the Silver Moon, Heart Break Hill, The Last of the Knickerbockers* and *Myra of the Pines,* have had many admirers in England and on the Continent. A new German edition of *Heart Break Hill* has just been issued and a reproduction of the cover is herewith reproduced.

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The Oar or The Poet

Here is a story concerning Mr. William H. Taft and Mr. Alfred Noyes. It was as Professor Taft, of Yale, that our former President first met the English poet at the banquet of the Yale *Daily News* last spring. Just before the assembled company sat down at the table there was a casual introduction, and Professor Taft said: "Noyes, Noyes, let me see, are you Bill Noyes's son of the crew?" As Mr. Noyes had been on his college crew when an undergraduate at Oxford, he was quite aware of the vast disparity in importance between a Varsity oar and a mere poet. Therefore he thoroughly appreciated the compliment.

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The "Fifteen Best"

In a spirit neither of endorsement nor of objection, but because estimates of this kind are always more or less interesting, we print the list of the fifteen best works of fiction published thus far during the present year according to the opinion of William Stanley Braithwaite in the Boston *Transcript:*

The Happy Warrior—A. S. M. Hutchinson.
The Combined Maze—May Sinclair.
Jean Christophe: Journey's End—Romain Rolland.
Comrade Yetta—Albert Edwards.
'Twixt Land and Sea—Joseph Conrad.
In Accordance With the Evidence—Oliver Onions.
Hagar Revelly—Daniel Carson Goodman.
Widecombe Fair—Eden Phillpotts.
Stella Maris—W. J. Locke.
Wilsam—S. C. Nethersole.
V. V.'s Eyes—Henry Sydnor Harrison.
The Inside of the Cup—Winston Churchill.
The Catfish—Charles Marriott.
The Amateur Gentleman—Jeffery Farnol.
The Ghost Ship and Other Stories—Richard Middleton.

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Contemporaries

Mr. Clement Shorter is responsible for the following story about Owen Seaman, who has been the editor of the London *Punch* since 1906. When Mr. Seaman issued his *Horace at Cambridge* his publisher sent a canvasser to one of the largest London bookselling firms, who assured the head of this firm that this was a particularly valuable book. The reason he gave for this opinion was that he knew for a fact that Mr. Seaman was at Cambridge with Horace!

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The Imaginary Nicolas

There is a little story involving Mark Twain in connection with Mr. James Branch Cabell's recently published *The Soul of Millicent.* Some years ago Mr. Cabell wrote a short story for *Harper's* in the vein of mediæval romance, and for the sake of local colour wrote under its title "translated from the French of Nicolas of Caen"—a purely imaginative personage. When the story was published in book form Mr. Cabell referred, entirely at random, to an untranslated book of the same author, the *Roman de Lusignan.* Mr. Clemens found the first book to his liking, and advised Mr. Cabell to "translate" the *Roman de Lusignan* also, and Mr.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Cabell did so in *The Soul of Millicent.* The good inhabitants of Caen, however, were not aware that the story was written around a title invented previously for a non-existent book by a fanciful author. After its appearance in magazine form they started a fund to commemorate Nicolas as one of the town's notables. After ransacking the Bibliothèque Nationale they were unable to find out anything about him and wrote Mr. Cabell for information.

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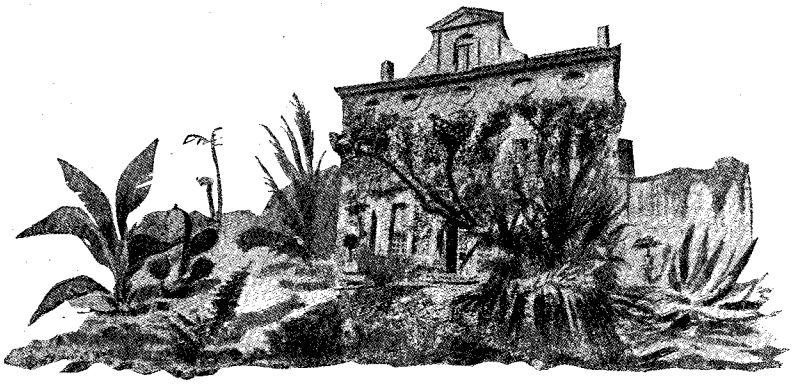

THE BAOBAB VILLA. TARASCON

The Real Tartarin

In the instalment of the "Literary Baedeker" for July a page was devoted to a description of the writer's pilgrimage to Tarascon to follow the footsteps of Tartarin in his own city—Tartarin Chez Lui. By a curious coincidence the issue of *Les Annales* appearing July 6th was a Tartarin issue. There was one article on "The Real Tartarin," written by a certain Charles Le Goffic, which contained a bit of information which we are certain is absolutely new in this country and probably has been known to very few French readers. Alphonse Daudet in his own note-books has recorded that Tartarin in his first serial incarnation was called Barbarin; that a real Barbarin existed, and threatened all kinds of lawsuits unless the name was changed. But Daudet never mentioned the fact that there was an actual original of his illustrious lion hunter. That information M. Le Goffic obtained from Frederic Mistral. According to Mistral, the real Tartarin came from Nîmes. His name was Reynaud (it may be given back to him now that he is dead) and he was Daudet's own cousin. He had travelled among the Turks, he talked of nothing but lion hunts; he talked of them like Tartarin, with his lower lip thrust out with a terrible pout that gave an appearance of foolish ferocity to the brave face of the little Nîmois fund holder (*rentier*). He recognised his own portrait so readily in the hero that he broke absolutely with Daudet. It was years before the cousins were reconciled. As for the home of Tartarin, the Baobab Villa, Daudet placed it for all times. It was the third house on the left beyond the city gates on the road for Avignon.

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"Brichanteau"

Novelists seem to be going to the stage more than ever for their heroes and heroines these days, and a literary note from the Messrs. F. A. Stokes Company introduces a new writer, Juliet G. Sager, as the author of a book entitled *Anne, Actress*. Like most of the others who have been writing novels with theatrical backgrounds, Miss Sager has herself had theatrical experience, including work in New York successes, in stock companies, vaudeville, and a few adventurous weeks with a repertoire company. But while speaking of these new books we wish to call attention to an old one that has never received one-twentieth of the recognition to which its charm entitled it. That is *Brichanteau,* from the pen of M. Jules Claretie, so long director of the *Comédie Française*. The hero of the story was an old actor who, though reduced to the position of announcer at a track for bicycle races, still cherished all the finer traditions of his

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profession. At times he could be persuaded to tell the story of his life, and he had had many adventures. Perhaps the most memorable of them dealt with an episode connected with the siege of Paris. Brichanteau has often played in the *Three Musketeers,* and taking a leaf from the attempted rescue of Charles I, he planned to kidnap the King of Prussia in the midst of his armies, and to hold him captive as ransom for the integrity of French soil. Of course the face of history was against Brichanteau, as it had been against Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan. *Brichanteau* was issued in this country about fifteen years ago, and for some reason had little material success. Yet to-day when you find a man or a woman who has read the book at all, you find an enthusiastic admirer. We think that some publisher would find it not unprofitable to bring out the story in a new form.

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Undergraduate Days

The accompanying portrait shows Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of *Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes,* and Mr. George Middleton, author of *Embers, Tradition* and various other plays, in the rôles of Professor Babbit and Lord Mulberry respectively, in the old Daly success, *A Night Off,* as it was presented by the Columbia University Dramatic Society in 1900. Mr. Harrison's part was that of a college professor who had written a play which he was bringing out surreptitiously. The future author of *Queed* was a keen follower of amateur theatricals while an undergraduate, and was considered a very good actor. Also he was a shining light in the literary work at Columbia, being an editor of *Morningside* and *The Spectator.* Mr. Middleton as an undergraduate was stage manager for the dramatic society and after leaving college devoted himself exclusively to the writing of plays. Incidently he is now making the dramatisation of Vaughan Kester's *The Prodigal Judge,* which is to be produced this autumn. Mr. Middleton and the late Mr. Kester were close personal friends and after her son's death Mr. Kester's mother gave to the playwright the pipe that the novelist had smoked while writing *The Prodigal Judge.* Mr. Middleton found in it the inspiration for his dramatisation of the story. A short time ago we had occasion to comment that the

JULIA C. SAGER

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sales of popular novels were not what they were in former years. But *The Prodigal Judge* seems to be an exception. When, recently, the book went into a cheap edition, the first issue is said to have been one hundred thousand copies. A uniform edition of Mr. Kester's works, by the way, is to be brought out. The six volumes are to be *The Manager of the B. & A., The Fortunes of the Landrays, John o' Jamestown, The Prodigal Judge, The Just and the Unjust,* and a collection of short stories gathered from magazines.

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON AS PROFESSOR BABBIT GEORGE MIDDLETON AS LORD MULBERRY

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Notes on S. E. White

As a kind of preface for forthcoming books by Stewart Edward White, Mr. Eugene F. Saxton has prepared a monograph about that author which is to be published some time this autumn. It is an interesting sketch of an interesting personality, the result of a long talk about boyhood days and first efforts at writing just before Mr. White's departure from New York for his second African exploring expedition. The brief outline of the early years is familiar enough. Brought up in Michigan, which was at that time the greatest of lumber States, Stewart White lived for eight or nine years in a small mill town, whence the family moved to Grand Rapids, then a city of some thirty thousand souls. He attended no school until he was sixteen years of age. When he did finally go, far from being behind his fellows, he entered junior class in high school with boys of his own age and was graduated at eighteen, president of his class. He won and still holds the five-mile record of the school. A few years later he was graduated from the University of Michigan.

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As for the eight or ten years which most boys spend within the four walls of a schoolroom. These, in the eyes of Mr. Saxton, were some of the most fruitful of Stewart White's life. Continually in the woods and among the rivermen, in his own town and in the lumber camps, he was alive to every impression. No grown up observation or study could have so made this life his very own. Then, from 1884 to 1888 he was in California.

Readers of *The Adventures of Bobby Orde* will remember that Bobby's first rifle was a Flobert .22 of which the lad became the proud possessor at the age of seven, through the gift of Ad Pierson. Stewart Edward White was the original "Bobby" and the Flobert was his own. His first *real* gun succeeded the Flobert and was a Scot 16 gauge, the first ever brought to the Pacific Coast, and men used to follow the lad into the fields to see "if that pop-gun would really kill anything!" These days were spent largely in the saddle, with many excursions into the back country, where he saw much of the wild life of the old ranchers.

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From 1888 to '91 ornithology attracted him and every moment that he could spare he spent in the woods. The result was an intimate knowledge of bird life and six or seven hundred skins now preserved in the Kent Scientific Museum. But perhaps the most important outcome of this period was the thirty or forty articles on birds for scientific publications. These were Stewart Edward White's first published writings, and the pleasure of seeing them in print and the confidence their publication gave him, had a very stimulating effect. One of these papers, *The Birds of Mackinac Island,* the Ornithologists' Union brought out in pamphlet form and it is to this that Mr. White smilingly refers as his "first book." While in college, his summer vacations had been spent cruising the Great Lakes in a 28-foot cutter sloop and thus he traversed the waters of the greater part of these backwoods. Upon graduating, he spent six months in a packing-house, acquiring much information and less wealth at the rate of six dollars a week. He then set out for the Black Hills in the height of a gold rush—and came back broke. This was not an unusual experience; but the charge did not lie entirely on the debit side of the account, for it was on the experience gained in this venture that he drew for material in writing *The Claim Jumpers* and *The Westerners.* Doubtless much that is superficially a loss in life is in reality a long-term investment, earning good interest.

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Then followed a winter of special work at Columbia University under Brander Matthews and in some law courses that interested him. It was during this time that Mr. White wrote, as part of his class work, a story entitled *A Man and His Dog* which Professor Matthews urged him to try to sell. It was bought by *Short Stories* for $15.00 and was his first paid story. Others followed in *Lippincott's* and *The Argonaut,* "but I did not get rich at it," remarked Mr.

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White. Thirty-five dollars was high-water mark. With some notion of learning how to become a successful author, Mr. White next secured a position with A. C. McClurg, book-sellers, of Chicago. A better knowledge of human nature and nine dollars a week were about the only net results, however, and after some little writing, which found its way into review columns and magazines, White set out for Hudson Bay. It was about this time that he completed the manuscript of *The Claim Jumpers,* which was brought out by Appleton and had a very favourable reception. *The Westerners,* finished later, was bought by Munsey for serial publication for $500. The author was paid in five dollar bills and he says that when he had stuffed the money in his pockets he left abruptly for fear some one would change his mind and want all that money back. The publication of this story marked the turn in the tide. Stewart Edward White had arrived.

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The Blazed Trail was written in a lumber camp in the depth of a Northern winter. The only hours Mr. White could spare for writing were in the early morning, so he would begin at four A.M. and write till eight o'clock, then put on his snow shoes and go out for a day's lumbering.

When the manuscript was finished he gave it to Jack Boyd, the foreman, to read. Boyd began it after supper one evening and when White awoke the next morning at four o'clock he found him still at it. As Boyd never even read a newspaper, White regarded this as a triumph and felt that success was assured. In connection with this book Mr. White tells an amusing story of an Englishwoman who came into a book-shop where he happened to be and asked the clerk for a copy of *Blasé Tales.* He thinks she must have been terribly disappointed.

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Conjurer's House was written in New York after Mr. White's return from the Hudson Bay country, and *The Silent Places* during the ruffled grouse season in Michigan. At the time the author was busy training a Llewellyn setter, and gave to the writing of the latter book what intervals this important occupation afforded him.

He laughingly refers to this book as the best example of "literary atmosphere" that he knows, and thereby hangs a story. His aunt began reading *Silent Places* one summer evening and after an hour or more was observed to get up, quite absorbed and book in hand, draw a shawl about her shoulders and resume her reading. "This," says Mr. White, "is what is known as 'getting an atmosphere'—and a cold one, too!" *The Forest* Mr. White regards as one of the most instructive books he has ever written —that is, for himself. It was the story of a canoe trip and was published serially in the *Outlook.* In the course of the narrative the author innocently mentioned that he had discovered a good, tight tent and would be glad to tell any one really interested where it could be had. In the first year that the book was out he received 1,100 inquiries and they are still coming. "This taught me two things," he remarked: "not to do it again, and that it pays to advertise."

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A Story of a Story

On the twenty-fifth of this month will be published *The Destroyer,* a tale of international politics and intrigue, by Burton E. Stevenson. This publication date was chosen in deference to Mr. Stevenson's wishes, for it is the second anniversary of the event with which the tale opens, the mysterious destruction of the French battleship *La Liberté,* in the harbour of Toulon. Mr. Stevenson has a superstition about that date for, by the merest chance, it was on the first anniversary that the tale was completed, and this seemed to him a coincidence so singular that he determined to follow it up. In fact, there are a number of singular things about the story, which, aside from the tale itself, are in themselves of considerable interest.

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"I don't believe much in publicity," said Mr. Stevenson, "for usually all any one wants to know about a book he

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can find out by reading it, but there *are* one or two things I should like to say about *The Destroyer*. In the first place, I never intended to write it. I had just finished *The Gloved Hand,* and had arranged to go away and rest, when I woke up one night with the central idea of *The Destroyer* in my head. (I was distinctly conscious of the process of cerebration—the breaking down of brain tissue—which accompanied the idea, whether as cause or effect I am too little of a psychologist to know. But I remember lying there and wondering at the peculiar sensation.) The next morning the idea still had hold of me, but I went ahead with my preparations for departure, for certainly I had no intention of beginning one story within a week of having finished another one. One mystery story a year is about my limit (as a matter of fact, I have written only five in ten years). But my intentions didn't seem to cut any figure in the matter; the idea grew, developed, took on shape, without any conscious effort on my part—in fact, in spite of my effort to stop it. At the end of a week, to my own astonishment and the astonishment and lively disapproval of the whole family, I was at work. I had never before worked so hard or so continuously, but the work didn't exhaust me as I had feared it would. In fact, if any book ever wrote itself, that one did, and I don't feel that I am wholly responsible for it. One night, about six weeks later, I wrote 'The End' at the bottom of the manuscript, turned out the light and went downstairs. 'Well,' I said, 'it's done. We can start for New York whenever you're ready.' My wife looked at me. Then she looked at her desk calendar. 'Let me see,' she said, 'this is the twenty-fifth of September.' And then she looked at me again. 'Why it's the anniversary of the destruction of *La Liberté!*' she cried, and I confess that I, too, felt a little queer, for I had lost all track of dates."

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The Shade of Phileas Fogg

Whatever pleasant amenities may be exchanged between Mr. John Henry Mears and his predecessor as the holder of the time record for encircling the earth, M. André Jaeger-Schmidt, of Paris, both of them are deeply in debt to the shade of that phlegmatic Englishman of fiction, Mr. Phileas Fogg, of Saville Row, Burlington Garden, and the Reform Club. For it was Fogg and his creator, Jules Verne, who started the fashion for racing round the globe, and however rapidly new records may come to supplant old ones, that time-honoured title, *Tour of the World in Eighty Days,* will never entirely lose its charm. It required forty-one years to reduce the eighty days of the novel to the somewhat less than thirty-six days of the latest achievement. When we read the account of Charles Dickens's travels in the United States and realise the immense amount of time then required to go from one city to another the progress indicated by Phileas Fogg's itinerary in 1872 seems vastly more impressive than the advance which enabled Mr. Mears to reduce the eighty days of Verne's story to thirty-five days, twenty-one hours and thirty-five minutes.

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As a matter of fact, if we eliminate the long sea journeys from Brindesi to Suez and thence to Bombay, and from Calcutta to Hongkong and Yokohama which were made unnecessary by the construction of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, the disparity is not so great as it appears on the surface. In the schedule planned before Phileas Fogg's departure, thirty-seven days were allotted for those journeys. Mr. Mears in travelling over land from St. Petersburg, was able to sail from Yokohama on the *Empress of Russia* twelve days after his departure from the Russian capital. That alone meant a saving of twenty-five days due to the change of route. In 1872 nine days were required from New York to London. In 1913 this part of the trip consumes a little more than five days. Fogg was expected to travel from the Pacific to the Atlantic, starting from

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THE HOUSE OF PHILEAS FOGG IN SAVILLE ROW WHERE PASSEPARTOUT LEFT THE GAS BURNING

San Francisco, in seven days. Mr. Mears, leaving Victoria at 8:30 on the morning of August 2nd, reached his destination in New York city, 4 days, thirteen hours and forty minutes later. The greatest advance, where the race between 1872 and 1913 was on parallel lines, was in the passage of the Pacific. Twenty-two days were required for the journey forty-one years ago whereas the latest record holder was able to accomplish it in something less than nine days.

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Speaking of Phileas Fogg, that personage offers an additional line for the compiler of the "Literary Baedeker" in London. Twelve years ago Mr. Walter Hale wrote and illustrated a paper for THE BOOKMAN dealing with "Historic Englishmen on the American Stage." One of the drawings showed the house of Richard Brinsley Sheridan in Saville Row. That house happened to be the very one that Jules Verne selected for his hero's residence—the house in which Passepartout forgot to extinguish the light in the hurry of departure, leaving it burning during the entire time of the journey around the world. To quote the language with which the story be-

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gins: "In the year 1872 the house No. 7 Saville Row, Burlington Gardens—the house in which Sheridan died, in 1814—was inhabited by Phileas Fogg, Esq., one of the most singular and noticed members of the Reform Club of London." Saville Row must have undergone the process of renumbering, for in Mr. Hale's article, written in 1901, the number is given as 14.

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Worth reprinting is the graceful and humorous comment of the supplanted champion, M. André Jaeger-Schmidt, in his paper, the *Excelsior,* of Paris.

I must confess that the title of record man for a tour of the world was a certain source of pride to me. It gave me a standing among lots of people whose ideas of geography are vague. My barber often asks me for information about Central Africa. Cab touts replace the usual "Mon Prince" with Monsieur le Record Man" when offering to look for a cab for me. The conductor of the autobus in which I travel often congratulates me on having escaped from the hands of cannibals during my trip.

Now that I am beaten perhaps my indulgent friends will still leave me the courtesy title just as ex-presidents are always called "Monsieur le President." Then in a few more years people will point to me as the man who went around the world in thirty-nine days and wonder why I took so long about it.

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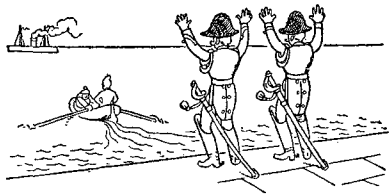
Rochefort and English

Although, as we said last month, Henri Rochefort, during the last years of his life, had ceased to be a power, his importance in the eyes of the older generation is indicated by the vast amount of anecdotes about him that has been appearing in French periodicals since his death. In the course of several pages in *Les Annales,* of Paris, devoted to anecdotes of his duels, his escapes, his deportations, his enmities, and his friendships, there is a curious little paragraph explaining his persistent refusal to acquaint himself with any other language than French. His knowledge of English at the end of his enforced stay in London was no greater than it had been at the beginning. "It is one of my theories," he explained. "I believe that it is disastrous for a writer to speak another language than his mother tongue. Unconsciously he assimilates the foreign turns, phraseology and idiom, and little by little he loses his original and personal



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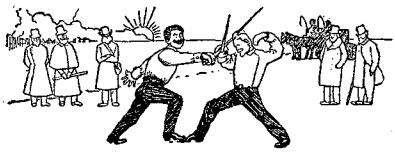

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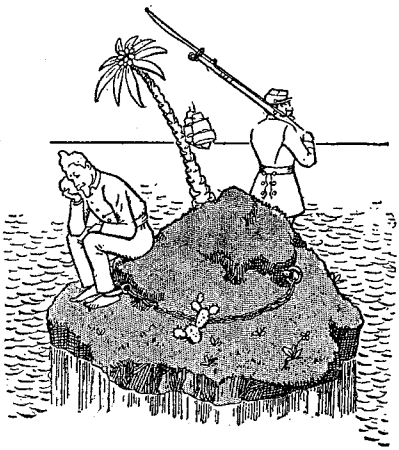

PICTORIAL GLIMPSES OF ROCHEFORT—DEPORTATION

qualities. He comes to resemble those polyglot journalists who write correctly in all languages and do not write well in any. If I had begun to express myself in English to-day I should think in English and my articles in *L'Intransigeant* would look like translations from the London *Times."*

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Sir Richard Wallace

A number of literary associations are recalled by the publication of *The Art of the Wallace Collection,* which comes from the press of the L. C. Page Company, of Boston. In the first place there has always been the unanswered question: "Who was Monsieur Richard?" No final answer is possible; but two theories have been advanced, both of which lead back to the pages of *Vanity Fair.* One theory makes Richard the natural son of the

SIR RICHARD WALLACE

fourth Marquis of Hertford, himself a son of the third Marquis, the original of George Gaunt, Marquis of Steyne. The other theory credits him with having been a late-born son of the famous "Mie Mie," the Marchioness of Steyne of the novel. It will be recalled that Thackeray alluded to "secret reasons" why the Marchioness was so submissive to her husband. No reader of *Vanity Fair* will be likely to forget the scene in which Steyne bullies his wife and daughter into inviting Mrs. Rawdon Crawley to Gaunt House.

"This house," he broke out with a laugh, "who is the master of it? and what is it? This Temple of Virtue belongs to me. And if I choose to invite all Newgate here, or all Bedlam, by ———, they shall be welcome."

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Then again when that wonderfully entertaining "fake," *An Englishman in Paris,* appeared in the early nineties, the impression went abroad that the book was the work of Sir Richard Wallace. For considerations of publicity this impression was fostered by the real author, who later turned out to be a Dutch journalist named Vandam. Wallace was one of the very few Englishmen—possibly the only Englishman—who was in a position to have the experiences described in the narrative. Of course if Wallace had written the book it would have implied incredible violations of confidences. But at first people did not see that, nor did they realise how improbable were the coincidences which brought the author just round the corner at the very moment of some momentous happening. Richard Wallace, who had lived so much of his life in Paris, did not desert the city when it was invested by the German army. Instead he devoted nearly two and a half million francs of the wealth that he had recently inherited from the fourth Marquis of Hertford to the equipment of ambulances, the founding of hospitals, and the feeding of the poor. But after the Commune he decided to transfer the Hertford treasures to the old mansion of the family, that is, Hertford House, in Manchester Square, London. The mansion had to be considerably changed and reconstructed and for a time the treasures were loaned to the Bethnel Green Museum.

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An anecdote of which Mr. Shelley speaks as interesting "not only because it is a pertinent illustration of British obstinacy and official obtuseness, but also for the light it throws on the character of Sir Richard Wallace" deals with Wallace's presentation of Terborch's masterpiece, "The Peace of Munster," to the National Gallery.

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When the canvas was put up for auction Sir William Boxall, on behalf of the Gallery, bid up to six thousand pounds, the limit of his commission, but the picture went to another purchaser who exceeded Sir William's offer by more than a thousand pounds.

Three years later, an unknown gentleman, not too smartly dressed, was announced at the National Gallery, and Sir William Boxall, after repeated refusals, gave way to the stranger's persistence for a moment's interview. The visitor carried with him a small picture-case, and when he began to open it in order to show the picture within, Boxall peremptorily ordered him to do no such thing—"he was too busy"—"it was against the regulations"—"the thing might be left and he would look at it when he had time" and so forth—or, really, if the stranger would be so persistent, he had better take it away at once and altogether. "But you had better just have a glance—I ask no more," said the stranger, and he unfastened one strap; but as soon as he began to unbuckle the second, Sir William, by this time really annoyed, proceeded to buckle up the first. At last the stranger insisted and threw open the case, and Boxall, struck dumb at the sight of the picture it has been his dream to add to the national collection, raised his eyes to those of his visitor. "My name is Wallace," said the stranger quietly, "Sir Richard Wallace; and I came to offer this picture to the National Gallery." "I nearly fainted," said Boxall to a friend of mine who recounted the story to me as I now tell it; "I had nearly refused 'The Peace of Munster,' one of the wonders of the world!"

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Across South America

A new travel book of more than usual interest announced for publication this autumn is A. Henry Savage-Landor's two-volume work, *Across Unknown South America,* in which the veteran explorer tells of his fourteen thousand mile journey through vast unexplored regions of Brazil and unfrequented parts of Peru, Bolivia, Chili and the Argentine. It is now sixteen years since Mr. Savage-Landor made the journey in Tibet which resulted in the book about which there was so much discussion and acrimonious dispute. Since then he has not been idle, having shared in the Boxer Rebellion in China, penetrated supposedly inaccessible parts of Persia and Afghanistan, and crossed the African continent. His South American journey covered a period of eighteen months. His equipment at the beginning was well chosen; experience having taught him what foods to carry and what instruments and weapons were needed. It was impossible, however, to secure coöperation from the Brazilian Government, although he received a gift of twenty thousand dollars after his task was finished. Of his six companions four were ex-convicts. That in itself was another complication and menace.

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Literary Diplomats

The department of "Personal Portraits" in this month's issue deals exclusively with men of letters who have received diplomatic appointments under the present administration, Walter H. Page, Henry Van Dyke, and Thomas Nelson Page. A literary man of the last administration was Maurice Francis Egan, our Minister to Denmark. A word must be said about Meredith Nicholson who is understood to have declined the appointment of Minister to Portugal. Also, at the time of the writing of this paragraph, the name of Brand Whitlock, known not only as a successful author, but also by reason of his activities as Mayor of Toledo, is being mentioned in connection with the Embassy to the French Republic.

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Borrow and His Time

In our July issue we expressed the opinion that the discussed revival of interest in the books of George Borrow differed from most revivals in the fact that it had a sound basis. In England they seem to be taking it rather seriously, and

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RACKHAM'S OFFICES, TUCK'S COURT, ST. GILES, THE SCENE OF BORROW'S EARLY LABOURS

every other column of literary chat in British periodicals opens with an account of the writer's pilgrimage to Norwich. From all accounts there must have been many ardent Borrovians in the ancient city the first Saturday in July. Conspicuous among these pilgrims were Mr. Clement Shorter and Sir William Robertson Nicol. The latter, in writing of the celebration, made much of the point that Borrow, unlike most of the scribes of his day, was never quite appreciated by his contemporaries.

Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Browning, and the rest were at the zenith of their fame when they died. They enjoyed the praises of the most fastidious critic, and, in addition, they had immense popular success. The early books of Borrow, and especially the *Bible in Spain,* sold well, but the later and greater masterpieces went off very slowly, and were but grudgingly praised. When Borrow died the *Times,* I am told, devoted six lines to his record, and from a gentleman who visited him in his last years I learned that the close of his life was cheerless and disquieted. It may be said that he himself refused to assign honour to his contemporaries, but that is not quite true. No one wrote more warmly of Dickens's early work than Borrow, who spoke of him as a second Fielding, who chained all such readers as had the capacity to comprehend him. So far as I remember, neither Dickens nor any one of the illustrious band had a good word to say for Borrow. True, he had some to praise him—Lockhart, Whitwell, Elwin, Richard Ford, and others, but there is a cer-

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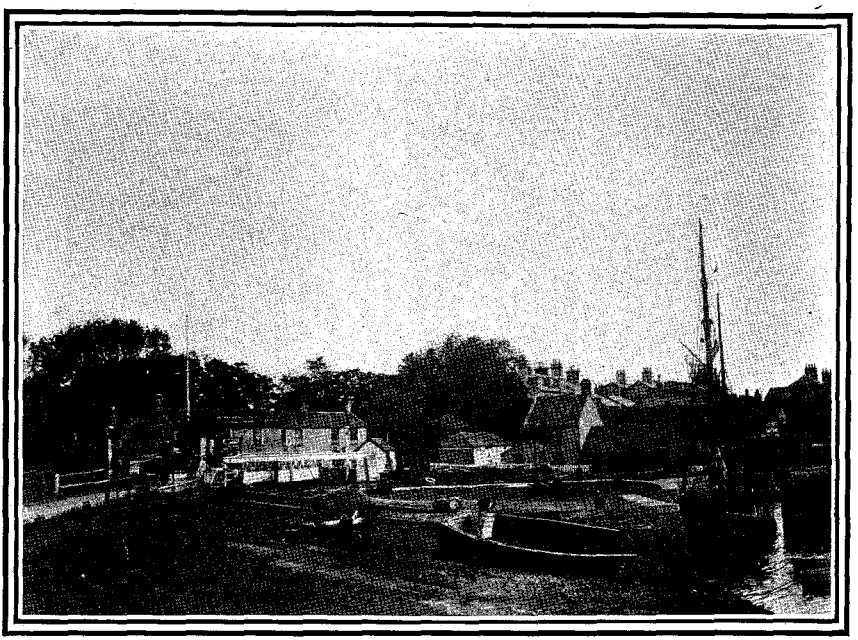

THE VILLAGE OF OULTON

EAST DEREHAM, BORROW'S BIRTHPLACE

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MRS. ROMELLY FEDDEN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPARE ROOM," IS AN AMERICAN BY BIRTH, BUT HAS LIVED ABROAD FOR TEN YEARS SINCE HER MARRIAGE TO ROMELLY FEDDEN, THE ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTER. "THE SPARE ROOM," WHICH IS MRS. FEDDEN'S SECOND BOOK, DEALS WITH THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY A YOUNG BRIDAL COUPLE BECAUSE OF THEIR TOO GENEROUS HOSPITALITY

tain flavour of condescension in their references; in fact, three of the worthiest testimonies I can recall were given by women. The first is by Felicia Hemans, who met Borrow in 1830. He behaved to her with grace and courtesy, gallantly handing her from one room to another, and rushing into a sort of gallopade which nearly took her breath away. "I do not know when I have heard such a flow of varying conversation—odd, original, brilliant, animating. . . . It is like having a flood of mind poured out upon you." I remember, but cannot at present trace, some worthy and noble words of Mrs. Browning, and Charlotte Brontë laid an unerring finger on the most magnificent passages of Borrow's first recognised work. In fact, Borrow was one of the great company who now and then come close to the fulfilment of their heart's desire, but never quite reach it.

Rowland Thomas

The announcement of a forthcoming novel to be called *Fatima,* of which Rowland Thomas is the author, recalls the time, some eight or nine years ago when Mr. Thomas's "Fagin" won the first prize of five thousand dollars from among the thirty thousand manuscripts entered in the short-story contest conducted by *Collier's Weekly*. Though by no means a masterpiece, "Fagin" was unquestionably a very good story, and no impartial reader was inclined to criticise the verdict which awarded the prize to Mr. Thomas. Above all, "Fagin" was a story of promise. It struck a new and original note. Yet so far Mr. Thomas has been a good deal of a disappoint-

MISS GERALDINE BONNER

MISS BONNER'S RECENTLY PUBLISHED "THE BOOK OF EVELYN" IS THE FIRST NOVEL SHE HAS WRITTEN IN THE FIRST PERSON. IN SPEAKING OF IT SHE SAYS: "I FOUND THE STYLE SO EASY A FORM THAT I WOULD LIKE TO GO ON AND DO ANOTHER IN THE SAME WAY. STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE 'I' SEEMS TO BANISH SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS"

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ROWLAND THOMAS

ment. He produced a novel entitled *The Little Gods,* in which "Fagin" was incorporated, but that was nothing astonishing. Beyond *The Little Gods* we recall nothing coming from his pen. In view of the whole matter we are inclined to look forward to the appearance of *Fatima* with considerable curiosity. If that book proves not to amount to anything it will be reasonable to regard "Fagin" as having been a mere flash in the pan.

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PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

HENRY VAN DYKE

ONE of the sources of Dr. van Dyke's versatility and popularity is his vitality. In the arts vitality is a very considerable element in what we call genius. For genius is not, as some people seem to think, a matter of pure intellect; it is often notably deficient in method and clearness of operation; it can rarely explain itself. There are painters who can define with precision their way of working; but there are many more who have no faculty for rationalising either the principles of their art or their practice of it. They see things clearly, they feel things freshly, and they have the knack of making other people see and feel: that sums up their genius. Now the individual vision, the freshness of feeling, the energy of expression which renew the joy of living in every generation by recalling the first surprise and the early "careless rapture" of the imagination when it discovers the world for itself, have their source in vitality. The brain power of the productive man is not only unusual, but it is highly energised. For this reason writers of original quality are, as a rule, prolific to a degree which imposes on society the task of deciding what shall be carried on the journey which humanity is making and what shall be left behind.

Dr. van Dyke has done many so well that in an age of specialisation some sluggish folk suspect him of possessing a kind of uncanny dexterity; if the law made provision for such cases they would indict him as a monopolist. And now that he is to try his hand at diplomacy they will have a new grievance against him.

But Dr. van Dyke's gift for expression in so many forms is easily explained; he has both brain and vitality. His energy is insatiable; indoors and out-of-doors he is always at work; for play with him is a preparation for work. There is probably, among living Americans, only one other man as highly energised as he.

This means that he feels acutely both the joy and the pain of living; that Nature is to him a series of fresh impressions to which the response of his imagination is instant. The world does not grow so familiar that it loses distinctness; the colours do not fade; the songs do not lose their haunting music.

Men of Letters have been, in several instances, very successful diplomatists; not because they were good writers, but because they were clear-headed and vigorous men. Their training and profession helped them to represent the country on the higher levels of its thought and achievement. They have represented intellectual and spiritual, as well as political America. It was a great advantage to have in England a man who could write the "Commemoration Ode" and meet men of generous culture in their own fields on terms of equality; it was a still greater advantage that this accomplished ambassador could interpret "Democracy" with such luminous intelligence as to give an occasional address the quality of a classic.

Dr. van Dyke has the prestige of his achievement and the good fortune to bear a name dear to Holland; he has also the mental alertness, the independence of judgment tempered with knowledge of the world, and the force of character, which even in the most friendly country are sometimes suddenly called upon and imperatively needed. He is, above all, a clear-cut American, free from the provincialism which makes some Americans ridiculous when they are only patriotic in a child-like, back-country way. In his lectures deliv-

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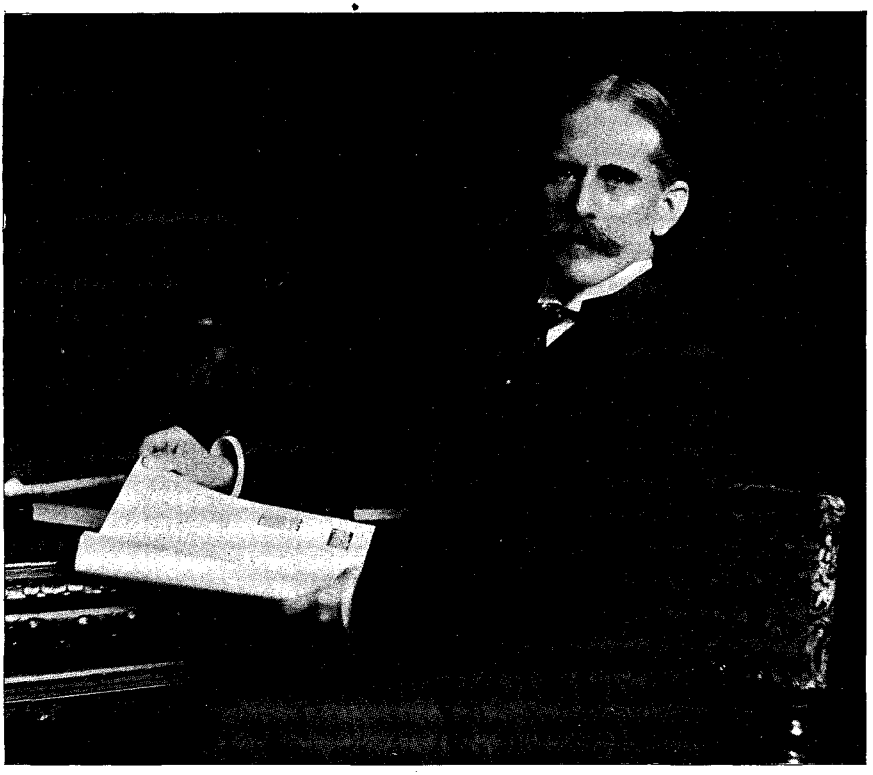

HENRY VAN DYKE

ered in the Sorbonne and in the French provincial universities three years ago, Dr. van Dyke interpreted the American spirit and described American institutions with that quiet assumption of their fundamental soundness which is far more convincing than the most ardent advocacy. The radical differences between a society inspired by democratic ideas and organised to give those ideas practical effectiveness, and the most open-minded society developed under a different social order, could hardly have been more distinctly stated or more emphatically endorsed; but there was no note of narrow patriotism in them; there was none of the assumption of superiority of the partisan who feels that his principles need the force of appeal behind them.

Dr. van Dyke knows his country in its history, institutions and conditions as well as its spirit; he knows the West as well as the East, the South as well as the North; he has the national point of view; and, although his appointment comes from a Democratic Administration, his interests and his knowledge will make him the representative of the United States and not of a party or of a section. Moreover, The Hague will like him, which is a matter of no small moment in a diplomatic position. They will enjoy the vivacity of his temperament, the quickness of his mind, his wit and his capacity for good-fellowship. If the Puritans had stayed longer in Holland they might have gained more ease of mood without any loss of ethical vigour. Dr. van Dyke has both qualities.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

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WALTER HINES PAGE

II
WALTER HINES PAGE

ONE day about ten years ago the writer was driving down a dusty road in Kansas with an eminent citizen of that State who has done more to put her name on the map than all her grasshoppers and statesmen combined. Suddenly he turned and said:

"That chief of yours is one of the few big editors who knows that there is some other place in the United States besides New York."

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He was referring to Walter H. Page, and in his blunt, Western way he had accurately sized up one of the chief qualities of the new Ambassador to Great Britain. For, from the beginning of his editorial career, which ranges from country newspaper to full-bodied metropolitan magazine, he has believed in the big outlook, beheld always the larger vision. While many other editors coddled literary genius, he was busy interpreting the swift and dramatic march of events.

The way the magazine that he founded, and which has given him his largest editorial opportunity, got his name is characteristic. It happened back in that precarious time when he and his dynamic colleague, Frank N. Doubleday, had just launched the publishing firm which bears their names. It was a settled conviction in those days (subsequent and costly experience has proved to the contrary) that every full-fledged publishing house should have at least one magazine. The new enterprise felt that it ought to be in the periodical procession. Of course Page was to be editor. He had graduated from the *Forum;* had piloted the academic way of the *Atlantic Monthly*—whose placid atmosphere he had rudely disturbed by ordering articles by wire.

A conference was held to determine the character of the new magazine. Rudyard Kipling was in this country, and being a member of the so-called "D. P." family, he "sat in." Doubleday, so the story goes, was for a magazine with a literary flavour.

"No," said Page; "we want a magazine that is live, virile, constructive—that will be the voice of the democracy."

After he had his way, the question of a title came up. Kipling, who had listened attentively, spoke up:

"What you really want is a magazine that deals with the work of the world."

In a flash Page leaped to his feet, pounded the table (for he is very demonstrative), and said:

"There it is—*The World's Work.* Kipling has given us our title." And thus the infant was christened.

Mr. Page has made his magazine more than a panorama of contemporary achievement. Under his direction it became a far-flung force for the upbuilding of backward sections—an inspiration for the economically and the socially weary. His vision—and this is one of the biggest things in his equipment—has swept the whole world, but especially his own country. He was the first important magazine editor to exploit the new science of agriculture; he saw the romance of grimy industry; he even plucked human interest out of those dullest of subjects—good roads and education. These activities are cited merely to show the versatility of the man who first encouraged Mary Johnston and Ellen Glasgow, to say nothing of that later literary host to whom he has been discoverer, philosopher, friend and guide.

If you asked him the biggest requirement in his kind of magazine making, he would say, "Concrete facts." This is why association with him is a liberal education in getting at the bald and essential thing. He is the Great Condenser of the American magazine profession. Overexpression affects him like a plague. This recalls a very characteristic incident. He was discussing an article with a contributor who was more wordy than effective. The subject had been agreed on; it remained only to speak of space.

"I think I can cover it in twenty thousand words," said the writer.

"That's too long," said Mr. Page.

"But it's impossible to tell it in less," protested the man.

The editor sat silent for a moment. Then with the utmost gravity he remarked:

"It *is* possible, my friend. Have you ever stopped to realise that the story of the creation of the world—the biggest news item that ever happened—was told in a single paragraph?"

Mr. Page practises what he preaches. His style, while eloquent and graceful, is a marvel of compressed simplicity. His writing models have been the Bible

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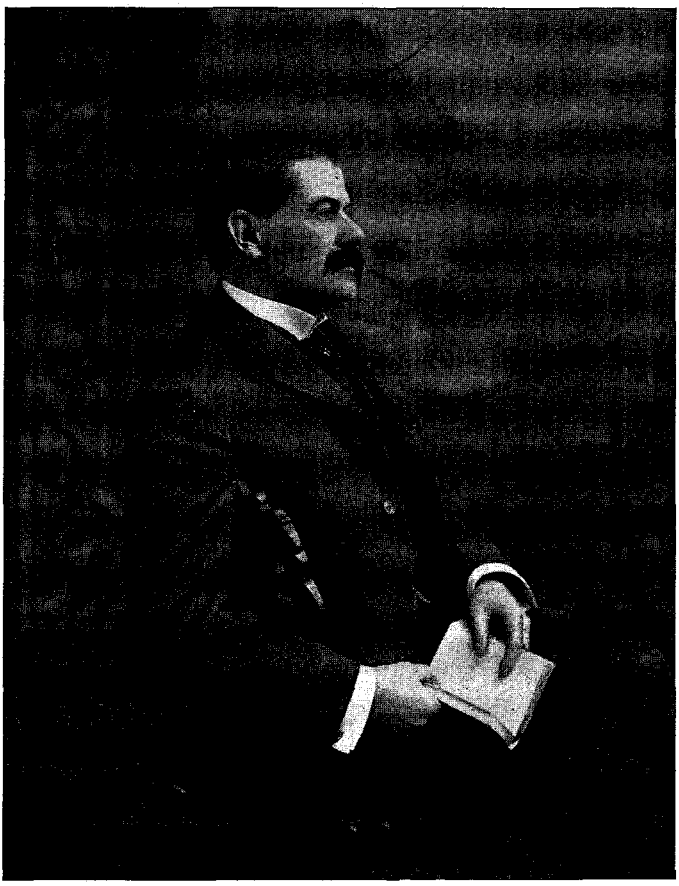

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

and Lincoln. There is something Lincoln-like, too, in his bearing, his dignity and his presence.

The charm and suavity of his letters are proverbial. That oft-repeated story, first told by O. Henry, that his letters of rejection were so admirable that they could be discounted at the bank, was not outside the facts. He talks as effectively as he writes, and whatever the activity, he is guided by two cardinal rules, the larger sense and the cheerful mood.

Mr. Page is big of bone; almost craggy of face, with a manner that acts like a tonic and a laugh that explodes like a shell. His North Carolina accent still ripples in his voice; he is one of the few who make you realise that the old age of fine courtesy is not gone.

The world knows Walter Page as successful publisher and editor; as friend of the writing folk; as eloquent speaker and author of serious and helpful books. But it is not familiar, perhaps, with a phase of him that possibly more than any other will make him live among the makers of the nation. Like the distinguished occupant of the White House who sent him abroad, he, too, is a teacher, but, to quote one of his favourite phrases, in the "larger sense."

It is not an exaggeration to say that Mr. Page is to-day the foremost exponent of the New South, the South of

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awakened industrial and intellectual energy; of constructive ideals; of intelligent understanding. With tongue and pen he has laboured for the Reconstruction that is of the hand and of the mind. His office in New York has always been a sort of unofficial capital of that growing part of Dixieland which is wiping out prejudice and unproductive sentiment.

It is violating no confidence to say that Mr. Page is the Nicholas Worth whose *Autobiography,* first partly brought out in the *Atlantic,* was later published as *The Southerner.* Here is the voice of that New South flaming in passionate protest against the old and backward order. It is the thin novelisation of the ideals of our new envoy to the Court of St. James, and likewise the biography of an unheralded fight for progress.

There is no better summing up of the creed of this man than an inscription that he once wrote in his first book, *The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths,* for a co-worker. Here he said: "Magazines, books and schools are all machinery to do the same work, and the best of it is that we who turn some of the wheels catch a little of the glory of the great result that a democracy at last works out."

Isaac F. Marcosson.

III

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

WHEN President Wilson announced the name of the new Ambassador to Italy it was natural for waggish Washington to say that since there was to be **a literary diplomacy it followed that** it must, of necessity, include many Pages! Fortunately, as one of them remarked, since none of them had a "past," there would be no complications when one was mistaken for the other.

As a matter of fact, no sooner had Thomas Nelson Page's appointment been published, than letters intended for him began to pour in on Walter Hines Page in London. This led our new British Ambassador to disclose a secret pact between the writing Pages. The late editor of *The World's Work* said:

"Many years ago Tom Page and I began to get each other's mail, so we made an agreement that when we opened it by mistake we would promptly forget the contents."

But, seriously, there is much similarity in these two men chosen for high diplomatic service. They are both Southerners, linked with the oldest traditions of the two oldest Southern States. Where Walter Page is an emancipated school teacher, Thomas Nelson Page is, as he jokingly says, a "reformed lawyer."

His early days were full of struggle and hardship. It is told of him that he took to writing in order to earn money to pay his board. One of his first stories was "Marse Chan," and it was written late at night, after the day's lonely vigil in the little law office was over.

Yet had the creator of *In Ole Virginia* clung to Blackstone instead of becoming a creative artist, the loss to Southern literature would have indeed been a serious one. For he has done for Virginia what Hamlin Garland did for the Middle West, Mary E. Wilkins for New England and James Lane Allen for Kentucky. In other words, he helped to annex these States to the United States of Literature. He has been the Boswell of the old-time negro, and his only full brother in print is F. Hopkinson Smith.

Thomas Nelson Page's life has been more or less secluded in the sense that there is no fund of anecdote about him. Like the practical man that he is, he capitalises his material himself and puts it into his books. If you should meet him on the street or in a club, he would scarcely suggest the writing man. Rather does he give the impression of being a prosperous man of affairs who might be head of a great commercial enterprise. There is a kindly twinkle in his eyes—a fine sense of grace and courtesy in his manner. But when he talks you get the lilt of Old Virginia; something of the accent that ripples through his books,

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that makes the memory of them something of the memory of an old-time song heard down in the cotton fields.

Unlike his diplomatic colleague of the same name in London, he has not gone in for public service. He has, of course, been interested in various activities in Washington, where he has made his home, but with characteristic modesty he has gone the aloof tenor of his literary way.

To a post which demands the highest courtesy he will bring the best American traditions of dignity and good manners. It will be interesting to see the translation of *Old Virginia* into modern Italian Court atmosphere.

Hugh Thompson.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

III—A Plea for a Literary Show

Cape Neddick, Maine,
September 1, 19—.

My Dear Podmore:

I wonder if you as General Secretary of the Federated Word-Workers Association of America could get our much beloved Literary Union interested in a scheme which has recently obsessed my mind to the exclusion of pretty nearly everything else? You have possibly observed that in this age of highly specialised effort the old-time Annual Exhibitions of the many Trades, Arts, Sciences and Crafts have been superseded by Shows of one kind and another, each devoted to a demonstration of Man's Progress in certain particular lines of individual endeavour. I remember that as a boy in New York, more years ago than I like to realise, I used to take great delight in an Exhibition of nearly all the Industries at what its promoters called "The American Institute Fair," which was to the world of Trade, Science and Art what the County Fair still is in a faintly echoing sort of a way to the Husbandman. There we used to see all sorts of fine, new, mechanical apparatus; the latest things in woven fabrics; most excellent exhibits in haberdashery, perfumes, carriages, and the like *ad lib.*, running from glass-blowing to telegraphy, from lace-making to the latest wrinkle in tin-types. It may be that this one-time delightful institution still exists—I do not know—but I do know that if it does yet exist—or persist—its exhibitions no longer attract the same degree of widespread public attention as formerly, having given way to specialised Millinery Shows, Automobile Shows, Dog Shows, Electrical Shows, Food Shows and so on. I am told that in these horseless days there is even a Horse Show, devoted to the demonstration of Man's achievement in Sartorial Glory and Smart Manners, still surviving—but, in any event, it is the fact that they all seem in some way to have become disassociated, their managers preferring to go off on their own hook, as it were, rather than to devote a single month to a glorious manifestation of human progress as a related whole. It is no exaggeration to say that everybody has a Show, even the Painters, with their exhibitions at the National Academy, and at the Water Colour Society. At private galleries we see the work of Secessionists, Recessionists, and Precessionists; the Seceders, the Receders, and the Proceeders, in blocks of five, eight, ten, and twelve, all have their glad hour of publicity, but we Word-Mongers, we Best-and-Worst-Sellers, where do we come in? What kind of a Show have we got, my dear Podmore, to say nothing of the Square

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Deal? The answer is obvious—WE HAVEN'T ANY! And perhaps that is why no political platform ever says a word about a PURE ENGLISH LAW; ever so much as offers a plank calling for the protection of American Authors as against the unholy competition of Norwegian Gloomerists, Manx Apostles of Sunshine, Teutonic Prose-Mongers, Gallic Essayists, Celtic Bards, and British Unrealists, who have for years found in the Great Republic the surest source of an ever-increasing Royalty Revenue. Is it because we have not stood together, and by an impressive demonstration of our powers shown ourselves worthy of consideration, that the miner of tungsten ores receives a greater measure of protection from our Government than do we who delve in the mines of thought, to whom even the sop of an adequate copyright law is denied? It may be so—I should not dare say that it is so, nor would I dare say that it isn't—but in any event, a greater solidarity among us would not be lacking in taste, and a well-conducted Show might do good.

I belong to a certain well-beloved Institution in New York yclept a Club—it is The Hyperion—and I have never ceased to rejoice over the privilege it affords me of getting close to an intimacy with the Sons of Parnassus, but even here the literary man is at a discount. The Painters of the Club every month from October to June hold an exhibition of their wares in a gallery specially set apart for their use, but do we word-painters ever have a professional "look-in" on that gallery? It is the sad fact that we do not. Not once in the twenty-odd glorious years that I have revelled in the Hyperion joys has anybody once suggested an exhibition of our masterpieces, sold or unsold. Chromely has for ten successive seasons exhibited a Study in Tomato Ketchup which he calls "Sunset at Ponkapog," until last year, to the relief of everybody, his grandmother came in and bought it, but have I once—EVEN ONCE—had a chance to put any of my rejected manuscripts on view? Has anybody ever asked Pilkington, Barrowdale, or Quigley-Morris, to make glad those gallery walls with Sonnets, Triolets, Essays, Novels, or other literary bric-a-brac? Not one of us, Podmore, has ever been asked to add to the gaiety of nations or our own prosperity by any such act, until we have been forced to conclude that the only persons under the canopy who cannot get their works on the "line," from the glass-blower to the wash-woman, are the literary folk of the hour.

Wherefore, my suggestion—that at the next meeting of the Federated Word-Workers of America you propose a LITERARY SHOW, to be held at the Madison Square Garden, or in some other fit arena, either next year or the year after—say as soon as it can properly be arranged for. I am sure it would be a glorious success, especially if you went after it in a broad way and upon a large scale. Perhaps it would be well if, in order to convince you the more readily of the value of the idea, and so fortify you in your plea before the Union, I were to set down here a few of my notions as to possible exhibits—they pour in on me in such lush profusion that of course I cannot hope to get them all down in the brief compass of a letter such as this. A few of the salient features of the Show, however, would be:

I. A SECTION DEVOTED TO THE BEST-SELLERS.—This should be informing and educative, and to that end I should arrange to have Jarroway Henderson, Tommy Wimpleton, Bradbury, and Traymore on exhibition for as much of the time as they could conveniently spare; and in order that they may be able to spare more time, what could be better than to have them all at work during the morning, afternoon, and evening sessions of the Exhibition? It would make a mighty edifying spectacle, for instance, if Henderson could be induced to appear nightly dictating his marvellous yarns of high-life to seven or eight stenographers simultaneously, keeping as many stories in the air at

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once as ever a juggler kept oranges or billiard balls, while Spurling, his Publisher, stands at his elbow, speeding him up with cries of "faster, faster," in order to keep pace with the ever-increasing public demand for his work. Equally interesting would it be to show dear little Wimpleton sitting in a dainty white and gold boudoir, with a canary bird singing on the table before him, writing those blood-curdling tales of Adventure, with their appalling mortality of three sanguinary deaths to a page, for which he has become so justly famous. Then as for Bradbury and Traymore, I would suggest a nightly Marathon Run of twenty-five thousand words, starting promptly at eight o'clock, as a demonstration to the public of the marvellous facility of these remarkably facile leaders of verbosity. It would be mighty exciting to see these Masters in the Thesaurian Arena with their sporting-blood up, racing on from paragraph to paragraph, over lofty periods, through the tangled thickets of subtle thought, past the swampy mazes of suggestive situation, scaling the peaks of punctuation, leaping the chasms of uncertain fact, on to a whirlwind finis, amid the cheers of the populace, the encouraging shouts of their respective publishers, and the clanging bells and whirring wheels of their madly straining type-writers.

This exhibit alone, my dear Podmore, would be worth the price of admission, but it wouldn't be all, for passing on from the Best-Sellers we should come next to

II. The Word-Painters and Character Delineators.—By these of course I mean those subtle artists of the hour who in a very few words outline so vividly the special figures about whom their stories centre—so vividly, indeed, that none but a particularly dull and soggy reader can fail to visualize clearly the lineaments of hero and heroine the moment the words on the printed page greet the eye. In this Department of the Exhibition we might have a real test of skill, using real people for models, in which test I would suggest as competitors for the honours of the exhibition such writers as Miriam Winkletop, who for subtlety of feminine interpretation is unsurpassed; William Wintergreen Bodley, whose *Pastels and Passepartouts of Prominent Personages* you have doubtless read with ever-increasing amazement; and possibly Tompkins Hardenbrooke, whose *Ping-Pongs of Parnassians* so cleverly punctured the pretensions of certain illustrious Pensters to Olympian honours when they first appeared in the advertising columns of the *Friday Evening Gazette,* winter before last. Perhaps, as I do, you will recall at the old American Institute Fair a clever little man who used to cut out Silhouettes of passers-by—he was always an attractive feature of that treasured institution—and what he was to it, I would have the WORD PAINTERS and CHARACTER DELINEATORS become to our Literary Show. As visitors come along, let all three of these interpreters embalm them imperishably in WORD SILHOUETTES, as a demonstration of their unique powers, using pen, ink, and words, for the purpose instead of mere black paper and a pair of scizzors. A little sign, bearing such a legend as this, perhaps—

WORD PORTRAITS
SILHOUETTES IN SYLLABLES WHILE YOU WAIT

GET YOUR PING-PONG IN PARAGRAPHS

100-WORD SKETCHES OF YOURSELF
FIVE CENTS A WORD

would attract thousands to this Department, and not only enrich Bodley and Hardenbrooke, and Miss Winkletop, but interest the public as well in a kind of literary activity which the modern demand for the straight and rapidly moving narrative is inexorably pushing to the wall.

III. A third exhibit, as the thing shapes itself to my eye, would be a very small bit of space, railed off so as to prevent intrusion, wherein we shall exhibit a STYLIST, engaged in polishing up his paragraphs. Of course we should

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have some difficulty in finding anybody to put on exhibition, the old-time passion for Style having become almost wholly, if not quite, obsolete in these accelerated days. I fancy, however, that somewhere, say among the "Six Worst Sellers," perhaps, we shall find one or two such writers who for the sake of their evanishing art, and in the hope of doing something, if only a little, looking toward a revival of popular interest therein, would be willing to undertake the work for a limited number of nights. Perhaps you will remember an afternoon a number of years ago at the Hyperion, a number of us were discussing this question of Style, and somebody—I think it was Traymore—remarked that he'd heard that Walter Pater frequently spent a whole week polishing up a single paragraph, to which our good friend, and true wit, Roland Therford, retorted that that was nothing, that he had "frequently spent a whole month polishing up a single word!" How we laughed at the witticism—indeed, when did we ever fail to extract what Gilbert's *Mikado* called

"innocent merriment"

from the delicious epigrams that always fall from the smiling lips of that kindliest of our satirists, and freshest of our wits! And yet, how equally sure as the wit was the cynicism of that retort! For even then, without our realising it, we were hurrying on into that Decay of Distinction which has become the leading literary mortification of the present hour. Traymore had himself at that time to his credit more than one book that placed him high as a writer of fastidious notions as to what he was willing to put his name to—and look at him now! Poor Traymore! Alas, dear Podmore, if "the evil that men do lives after them, and the good is oft interred with their bones," as Antony had it, how small a grave and how appallingly large a superficial area will be needed to accommodate the literary remains of our poor rich Traymore! Ah well—I did not start in to preach a Memorial Sermon over the dead body of Style, but to place before you the outward and visible lineaments of a Show, and with the one injunction that in decent regard for what has been you do not overlook such a Department as this, let me pass on to number

IV, in which we might restore the jaded spirits of our visitors by an exhibition of THE HUMOURISTS. I can hear you chuckle as you ask if I really think it would restore the jaded spirits of our visitors to contemplate the sad, careworn faces of the Humourists, for these Merry-Makers of ours are indeed a mournful-looking lot; but I still maintain that it would be good to show them if in the showing we could do something to give them a chance. Humour is a precarious thing, and of course there are humourists and humourists, made up of those who have humour and those who have not. My own private judgment is that the greatest of them have passed on. Certainly if Cervantes was a Humourist we have none remaining, and equally sure is it that if Mark Twain was one, the clan is extinct, for nowhere in the whole field of humorous writing do we detect the strong undercurrent of keenly observant philosophy of the one, nor the wonderful historic and social values of the other. What has happened to our Story-Tellers has happened also to our Humourists. The Speeder as the substitute for the Reader has again wrought his fell work, and just as in story-telling the tale alone's the thing, so in humour has that minor quantity of true wit, the joke, become the thing. The story is the end and the means, all at once, and in our merriment we demand the laugh without any regard to the truth or the pertinency of the thought. Still, as the world accounts humour we yet have producers of it—it is a sad fact in art as well as in agriculture that what the world demands it always gets—and it is just possible that if in some way the world and the humourists can be brought face to face, so that they can see and study each other, good will

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result. Between you and me I think all that is needed to re-establish the Humourist is a better understanding between himself and his readers. A greater sympathy with human foibles would come to the Jester if he knew more of the world, and a deeper appreciation of the serious thinking of the Joke-Wright would come to the Reader if he knew more of the Humourist's desire to use his gift rather as a Means To An End than as merely an End In Itself. How it would surprise the public for instance if it were to learn from meeting him in the flesh how deep and true a philosopher, how keen a student of life, and how little of a frivolous jester is the creator of Mr. Hooley—the "greatest man the country ever knew." And what a broadening of his intellectual horizon would come to Larremore Squibley if he could meet his public face to face just once, and discover for the first time that a goodly percentage of them have tolerably high foreheads, and have developed spiritually past the point where the slap-stick, slang-whanging, rib-ticklers from his satiric bludgeon satisfy their taste for light reading. Yes, Podmore, this Humourist Exhibit would be *a fine thing; and if there could be placed* in the centre of the booth in a glass case a specimen joke, just as in Mining Shows we invariably find a nugget of pure gold on show, a joke free from cynicism, free from malice, free from irreverence, free from the sneers and jeers that wound, representing true humour, pure, unalloyed, significant of something that is related to life itself, —how helpful and illuminating it would be!

And then of course there are—V—THE POETS, in which Department could be shown our progress in the creation of "Near-Poetry," the mercerised rhymings, the almost-silken lyrics, the feather-bloom inspiration, the Mystic, Near-Mystic, and Never-Would-Be-Mystic writings of our latter-day Magazine bards; the Page-Poets; the Half-Page Sonnetteers; and the Singers of The Fillers, those poor inch-worms on the slopes of Parnassus, who are chosen rather for their brevity than for their wit—alas, I have not space to go into the details of an exhibit that would do much to bring our Singers and those they sing to into a closer and for both sides more profitable relation than now seems possible.

Then there is, VI, THE SOCIOLOGY OF LETTERS, to be shown in wax-figures, one of which might present the pathetic tableau of a poor, weazened-faced, word-Samson supporting a family of seven sons, two daughters, and a fashionable wife on the nib of his pen; with another showing a Novelist of Exposure, note-book in hand, standing at the area gate of a handsome dwelling, getting local colour as to the doings of high-society from the cook or the housemaid; and a third showing a Poet snap-shotting for the purposes of a lyric of heart-interest the broken figures of a mother and father weeping over a baby suffering from the ricketts—and so on, comprising a sort of Literary Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, alongside of which Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Oleomargerine Potentates Past and Present would sink into insignificance.

It is hardly necessary for me to go more deeply into the detail of this proposed Show, my dear Podmore. Your own intelligence will suggest to you the many other Departments that might be covered to advantage—those of Criticism, Biography, Reminiscence, Magazine Editing, and what not. I feel, however, that I ought perhaps to mention the possibility of a Department of Literary Mechanics, showing the various new devices said to be used these days as substitutes for Editors—as, for instance, The Ventrometer, a watch-like apparatus which, when placed over the stomach of a Joke-Reader, records the vibrations of his laughter; the Electric Fanteditor, used in some quarters, I am told, to assort manuscripts by blowing some off the table and leaving others on, so that the Printer's Devil may gather up one or the other for publication, according to the Publisher's choice; and

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so on, and so on, and so on yet again.

Lay this matter before the Federation at its next meeting, my dear Podmore, and acquaint me with the results. If the decision is favourable I will do my share toward making it a success by sending you my unrivalled collection of printed Rejection Slips—eight or ten thousand in number—as my contribution to the Department of Literary Curios, together with a hundred or more manuscripts of my own for which neither the Editors nor I have any further use. Cordially yours,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIBRARY

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"AN ocean of books." Such is the description sometimes given of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, the greatest library of France and probably of the world. That of the British Museum of London is the only one to approach it in the number of its volumes. In its wealth of historical associations and the value of its treasures, the Paris institution holds an unique place. It is an ocean with this peculiarity, that the tide is always rising and never falls. The yearly wave of increase amounts to nearly fifty thousand volumes and MSS., a wave that grows larger and larger. If the three million two hundred thousand volumes of the Bibliothèque Nationale were placed on one shelf, this shelf would stretch from Paris to Fontainebleau, a distance of some thirty-five miles.

With the recent completion of an important addition to the great library and the appointment last April of a new librarian-in-chief, M. Homolle, of whom great things are expected, a new era opens for the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is not an exaggeration to say that in the past the French Government has been more than lax in its care of the vast literary treasures committed to its charge; the collections of books have been moved about in a haphazard way, the catalogues have been absurdly deficient, the public was invited to stay out rather than to come in. For centuries, it must be remembered, the treasures of the library, books, manuscripts, prints and coins, were considered the private property of the kings of France. The guardians appointed by royalty looked upon the collections as personal affairs. It is recorded that when a certain Abbé, keeper of the medals under Louis XV, went to Italy in 1735, he locked up the rooms under his care and took the keys with him. He was away two years, during which time they remained locked. The character of the librarians appointed was sometimes deplorable. Thus when the nephew of the Duc d'Argenson was appointed librarian his uncle, who procured the appointment, said to him laughingly: "You will now have an opportunity of learning to read." Kings were not always friendly to the institution. They sometimes shared the Mahometan prejudice: "If books agree with the Koran, they are superfluous; if they disagree, they ought to be burned." Thus even Francis I, the patron of arts and letters, considered printing somewhat of a curse. In June, 1535, he ordered the suppression of all the printing establishments of the kingdom. To be sure, the absurd mandate was annulled a month later. But only twelve printers of Paris were authorised to issue books, and then only such as were approved or necessary. It was, however, under Francis I that the rule was established by which every

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printer was required to deposit in the royal library one copy of every book he issued, thus beginning the wave of books that has gone on rising ever since.

The history of the Bibliothèque Nationale begins under Charlemagne, who had a collection of manuscript books at Aix-la-Chapelle. Most of these have been lost or stolen, but a few remain. Then St. Louis gathered some books in the Sainte Chapelle, the church he built to house the Crown of Thorns he brought back from the Crusades. Charles V seems to have been the first real book collector. He maintained a corps of copyists at the Louvre and gathered books right and left, entrusting them to the care of Gilles Malet, his valet de chambre. At his death the royal library contained nine hundred and ten volumes, of which Malet's inventory or catalogue remains. Fires, thefts and gifts reduced the number to eight hundred and fifty in 1423. The library was kept in various chateaux until 1594, when in the time of Charles IX it was moved to Paris, part to the Collège de Clermont, and part to the Louvre. It was increased by eight hundred volumes from Catherine de Medicis, many of the books bearing her arms remaining to this day. Louis XIV, the great Louis, was the first king of France to take an active and intelligent interest in the library. Colbert, his minister, carried the collection to his house in the Rue Vivienne, to the spot where now stands the magnificent institution of which Paris is proud. At the death of Louis XIV (1715), the number of volumes barely exceeded seventy thousand, so that the present vast collection may be said to have been made since then—just about two centuries.

Until Colbert's time the royal library was open only to friends of the king and his servants. It was only in 1692 that the Abbé de Louvois, chief librarian, decided to open the library twice a week to students—an experiment that does not seem to have worked well, for the privilege was soon withdrawn. It was in 1720 that the Abbé Jean Paul Bignon threw open the king's library to all accredited savants, French and foreign, who might wish to study there. It was also open to the public once a week, but only for two hours. During the forty years preceding the Revolution it was open to the public twice a week, from nine to two o'clock, and to savants every day. About one hundred persons took advantage daily of this privilege. The number of volumes had increased to three hundred thousand. This notwithstanding constant thefts, of which the most famous was that committed in 1705-7 by an apostate priest, Jean Aymon, who under pretext of obtaining arguments against heresy, stole several thousand rare MSS. and books, which he sold in Holland and elsewhere.

II

Under the Revolution the libraries belonging to monasteries and convents and from the chateaux of the nobles who fled the country and the guillotine, were confiscated by the State, resulting in an enormous increase in the number of books. They were heaped up in piles, in cellars and garrets. Then came the Napoleonic conquests, which resulted in thousands of volumes from all over Europe. The famous soldier had good taste in books, pictures and works of art and a taking way. Most of these treasures were, however, returned after Waterloo to the libraries thus despoiled. The Revolutionists were not of a literary turn of mind; the librarians of the Bibliothèque had a hard time of it. One of them, Carra, was guillotined; another, Chamfort, committed suicide, and a third, Van Praet, one of the most distinguished, escaped from France. Nevertheless, the library grew steadily. In 1793 a law had been passed compelling printers and authors to deposit two copies of every book or engraving published in the national library. In 1807 the library, which had suffered greatly during stormy years from wholesale theft, contained about 250,000 printed

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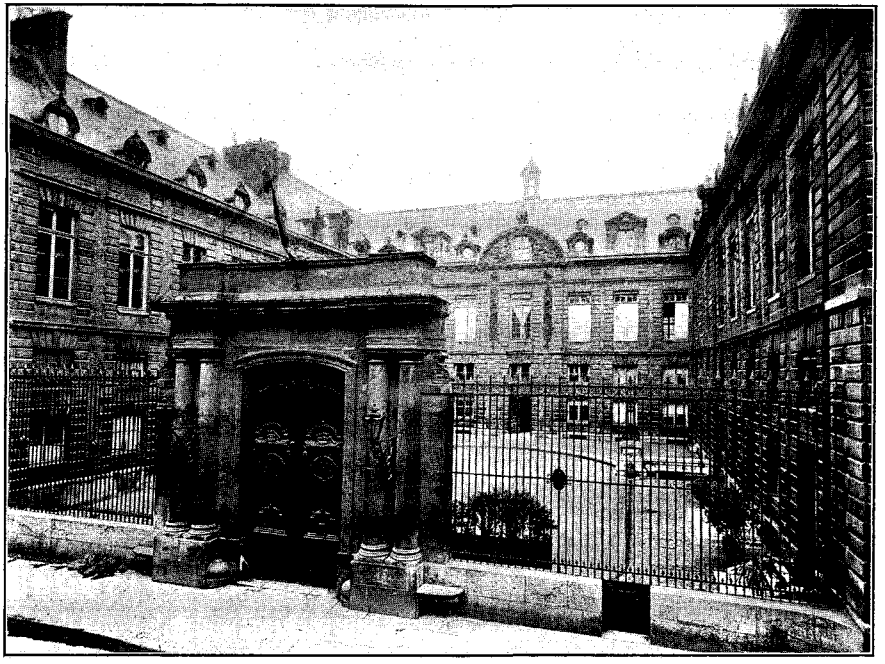
books, 83,000 manuscripts, 85,000 medals and coins and 1,500,000 engravings. During the first half of the eighteenth century these collections grew by leaps and bounds, although they were so loosely guarded that thieves still made rich hauls.

The thefts of Libri are famous. Count Libri (Guglielmo Brutus) was an Italian, born in Florence in 1803. As a young man he showed a vast aptitude for mathematics, attracting the attention and friendship of Arago and of Guizot. Thanks to their assistance he was made Inspector of Public Instruction. Part of his duties consisted in visits to the libraries of France. After each of these visits of inspection it was remarked that rare books had disappeared. Suspicion became certainty when at a London sale of books owned by Libri there appeared an Aldine Theocritus of 1495, which had vanished from the library of Carpentras at the time of Libri's "inspection" five years before. Charges were brought and Libri fled to England. Although Guizot maintained his innocence to the last, it was fairly well proved that the rare books for which Libri received a fortune in London were the result of systematic thefts, amounting in value to enormous sums. He died in Fiesole, near Florence, in 1869.

The Bibliothèque Nationale now occupies the whole block bounded by the Rues Vivienne, des Petits Champs, Richelieu and Colbert. On the Rue des Petits Champs is the palace built in 1633 for Tubeuf, minister of finances. At the the corner of the Rue de Richelieu is the pile built for Cardinal Mazarin by Mansart, the architect who, as Mansard, has been made responsible for so many atrocities in our own land. On the other streets are the buildings that once housed the bank of the famous Law, whose bankruptcy in 1720 shook the finances of Europe. For a time the Bourse of Paris found a home here.



FAÇADE ON THE RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS

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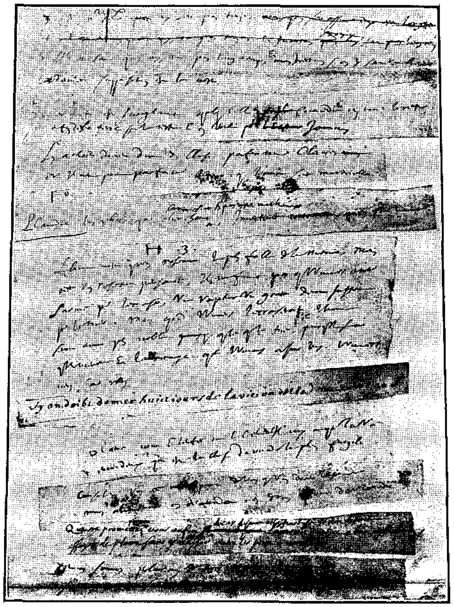
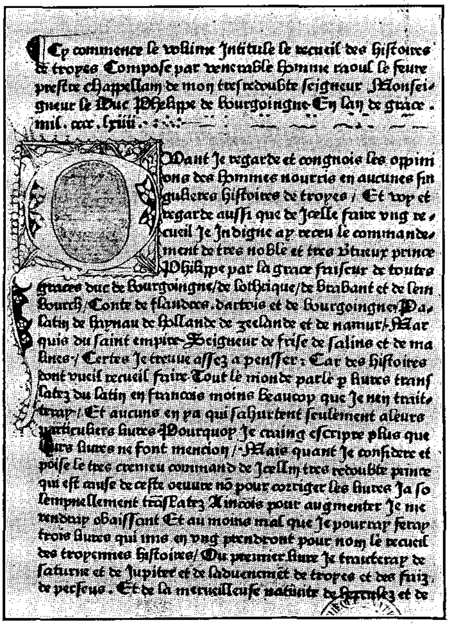


PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF PASCAL'S "PENSÉES"

Thus almost every part of the vast institution is of historical interest. The present reading-room, opened in 1868, remains almost unchanged. It has seats for three hundred and forty-four readers and room for about one hundred more, who can stand up at long desks to consult the twenty thousand volumes of reference on the open shelves around the room. The main reading-room is open only to those holding a card from the director. If a foreigner, it is necessary to obtain from one's ambassador or consul a note of introduction, upon presentation of which a card is given. Without some such restriction the room would be filled with persons having no serious business there. For those who come to read for amusement there is the free reading-room, with no restrictions as to entrance, where forty thousand volumes may be consulted.

To an American visiting the Bibliothèque Nationale for the first time the process of obtaining a book seems rather complicated. If he goes to the main room for the purpose of study, he must first get his card from the director. The guard at the door, who scrutinises this card, hands him a blank, upon which he must write his name, address and the number of the desk he selects. This blank must be deposited with a clerk at the main desk. Only then is the visitor at liberty to fill out another blank calling for the book he wants. As the printed catalogue of the library is not half-finished after twenty years of work, the chief resource of readers is the card catalogue, in which is supposed to be found a record of every work received since 1872. It is not a card catalogue, such as is to be found in our American libraries, but a collection of small volumes containing slips in alphabetical order. On one side of the main desk are the slip catalogues by subject, on the other side by author. Every slip bears a letter of the alphabet and a number, which must be put upon the demand blank—also the name of the author, title of volume and if possible date of publication. And again the visitor must



Cy commence le volume Intitule le recueil des histoires de troyes Compose par venerable homme raoul le feure prestre chappellain de mon tres redoubte seigneur Monseigneur le Duc Phelippe de bourgoingne En lan de grace . mil . cccc . lxiiii .

Quant Je regarde et congnois les oppinions des hommes nourris en aucunes singulieres histoires de troyes / Et voy et regarde aussi que de Icelle faire vng recueil Je Indigne ay receu le commandement de tres noble et tres vertueux prince Phelippe par la grace faiseur de toutes graces duc de bourgoingne/de lothrique/de brabant et de lembourch/Conte de flandres.dartois et de bourgoingne/Palatin de haynau de hollande de zeelande et de namur/ Marquis du saint empire Seigneur de frise de salins et de malines / Certes Je treuue assez a penser : Car des histoires dont vueil recueil faire Tout le monde parle p liures translatez du latin en francois moins beaucop que Je nen traitteray / Et aucuns en ya qui sahurtent seulement aleurs particuliers liures Pourquoy Je crains escripre plus que leurs liures ne font mencion / Mais quant Je considere et poise le tres crenieu commmand de Icellui tres redoubte prince qui est cause de ceste oeuure nō pour corriger les liures Ja solempnellement translatez Ainsois pour augmenter Je me vendray obaissant Et au moins mal que Je pourray feray trois liures qui mis en vng prendront pour nom le recueil des troyennes histoires/ Du premier liure Je traicteray de saturne et de Jupiter et de laduenement de troyes et des faiz de perseus . Et de la merueilleuse natiuite de hercules et de

PAGE OF THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN FRENCH. LE FÈVRE'S "HISTORY OF TROY"

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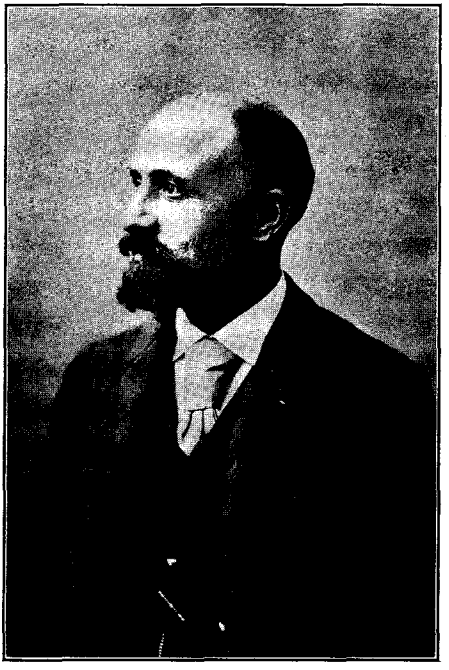
write out his name, address, and the number of his desk. The book is brought to that desk by an attendant. When through with a book the reader takes it back to the main desk, where a clerk examines it and stamps *Rendu* on the blank obtained at the door, and this blank must be given up on passing out of the room. Thus it is as difficult to get out of the library as into it.

The writer's experience with the Bibliothèque Nationale, an experience which dates back for many years, has been that everything possible is done to help the reader. The librarians are all trained men, most of them graduates of the Ecole des Chartes, who obtain their places upon merit. Considering the small salaries paid—about half of what is paid in New York or Boston—they show remarkable ability. Some of the writer's data for finding the books needed were quite inadequate and yet most of those called for were brought to me in what Americans would consider "record" time. The French appear to be more careful in the appointment of the assistants than of the heads of the library, posts in the obtaining of which politics may play a part. It has already been noted that one chief librarian was felicitated upon having a chance of learning to read. Upon the other hand, the learned Abbé des Houssayee, librarian of the Sorbonne under Louis XV, describes at length the long studies he undertook in order to obtain his place. He notes that the would-be assistant librarians of his time had to be "young men of at least fifty years of age whose character and tastes were a guarantee of their advancement in the arts and sciences."

III

The new director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, J. Théophile Homolle, is an archæologist by profession, born in Paris in 1848. From the Ecole Normale he went to Athens in 1869, and from 1875 to 1887 was director of the researches made in the island of Delos, where he did valuable work. Returning home in 1888 he became professor of Greek antiquities in the Collège of France, but was sent back to Athens in 1891 as head of the French Academy there. He was recalled to become director of the national museums, and it was his misfortune to bear the brunt of the trouble over the loss of the Mona Lisa. He had to resign in response to popular



J. THÉOPHILE HOMOLLE, THE NEW DIRECTOR. FORCED TO RESIGN AS DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM ON ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THE MONA LISA, HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

clamour, but that the Government considers him a man of exceptional value was shown by his appointment as director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, a post for which there is always fierce competition.

The Bibliothèque Nationale comprises four departments—(1) Printed books; (2) Manuscripts; (3) Medals and Coins; (4) Engravings. It is governed by a director (Administrateur génerale) appointed by the Government, and one assistant for each of the depart-

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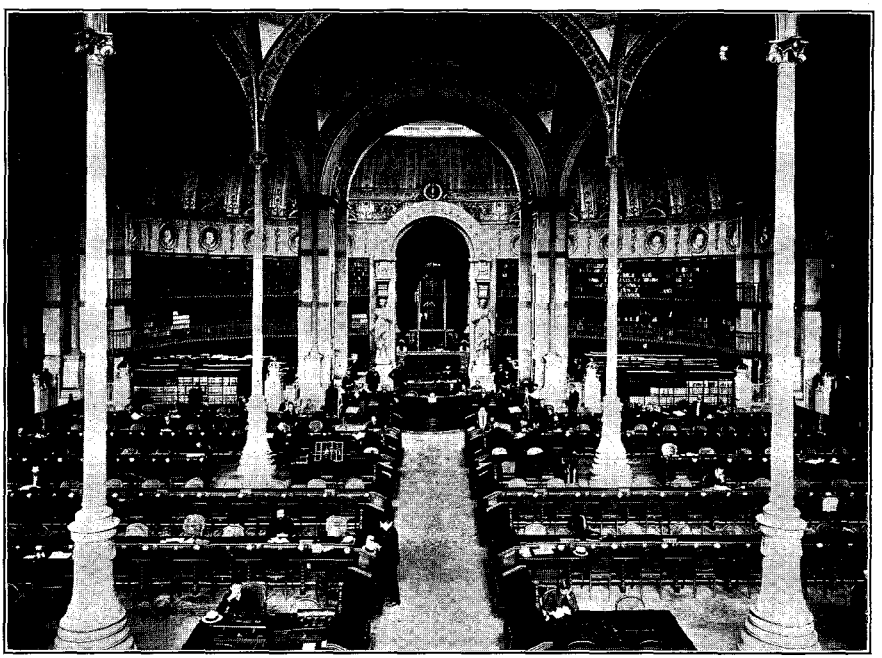
ments. These assistants must be graduates of the Ecole des Chartes or of the Ecole des Langues Orientales. The sub-librarians must have bachelors' diplomas and face an examination before the chief librarians.

The department of manuscripts is of course the oldest of the four departments, many of its treasures dating back to Charlemagne, notably a precious *Book of Hours* made by the order of that emperor in 781 on purple vellum, with



THE MAIN READING-ROOM

gold initials and miniatures of extraordinary interest. Until the Revolution it was the chief treasure of the church of St. Sernin of Toulouse, which city offered it to Napoleon I in 1811. St. Louis gathered in the Sainte Chapelle a large collection of MSS., some of which remain. Charles V not only collected manuscripts, but ordered to be translated into French *"pour le proufit et utilité du roiaume et de toute la Chrestienité"* scores of famous works by Greek and Latin authors. His manuscripts numbered twelve hundred, a great library for that day, the list of which is preserved in Malet's hand and dated 1373. Only about one-tenth of the manuscripts enumerated now remain in the library. Many of them were sold to the Duke of Bedford in 1425 and taken to England. The terrible Louis XI was the patron of Jean Foucquet of Tours, the artist who made the miniatures for the two splendid volumes of the *Antiquities and Wars of the Jews* of Flavius Josephus. These constitute one of the most valuable sources of information known concerning the architecture and costumes of the Middle Ages. They were preserved for centuries in the library. The second volume disappeared about 1600 and was not found until a few years ago, when it turned up in England and was restored to the Bibliothèque Nationale by the late King Edward. In it is the famous picture of the destruction of the walls of Jericho by the blast of trumpets. Ac-

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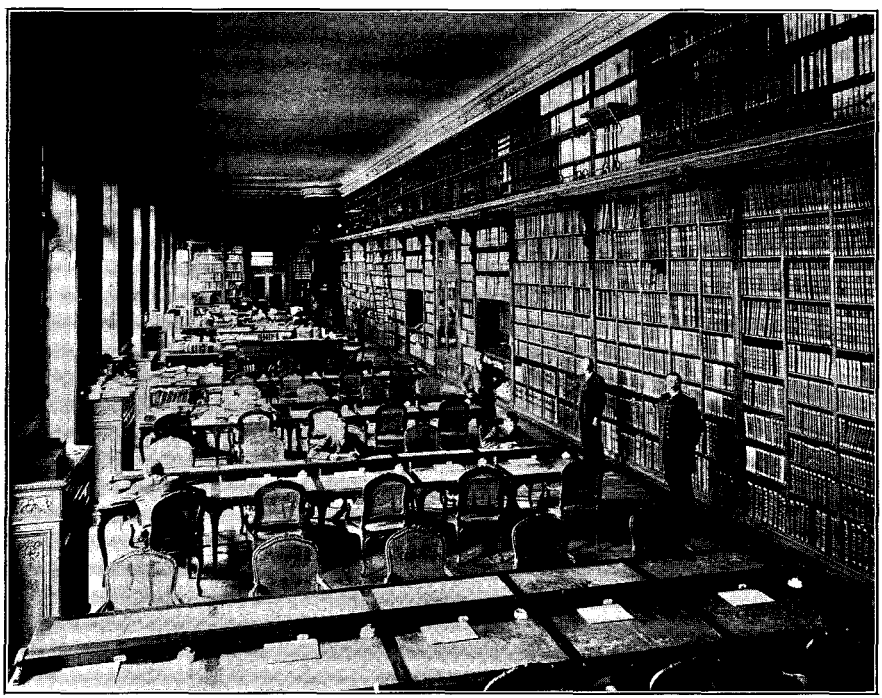
cording to the artist, Jericho, at the time of the catastrophe, was full of timbered houses of the thirteenth century. Among the manuscripts are the *Books of Hours* of Louis XI, Anne of Brittany, Henri II and Henri IV, all of value to artists and historians. Under Louis XIV the library acquired two hundred and sixty rare manuscripts presented by Jacques Dupuy, almost all of which remain. Rouget de Lisle's copy of the "Marseillaise," and manuscripts of Lamartine, Hugo, Renan, Zola, and so forth. At present the collection of manuscripts, numbering about one hundred and fifteen thousand volumes, is the richest in the world.

The history of the catalogues deserves more space than can be given. Malet's inventory under Charles V has been mentioned. In 1622 Nicolas Rigault



THE READING-ROOM IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

The invention of printing meant of course the death of the scrivener's art, but until the time of Louis XV the department of manuscripts continued to be enriched by purchase or by gifts from nobles and monasteries. One collection alone, given to Louis XV in 1732, contained nearly eight thousand manuscripts. Besides the vast number of illuminated missals and historical works on vellum, the Bibliothèque Nationale contains priceless modern manuscripts, such as Pascal's original copy of his *Pensées,* prepared what is preserved as the first catalogue. In 1645 the brothers Dupuy, who added their private library of some nine thousand two hundred and twenty-five volumes to the royal collection, made a fairly complete list of the books and MSS. Nicolas Clément devoted nine years (1675-84) to the preparation of a catalogue which fills fourteen volumes, and describes by subject thirty-five thousand volumes. Various later attempts were made in this field, but nothing satisfactory was done until 1870,

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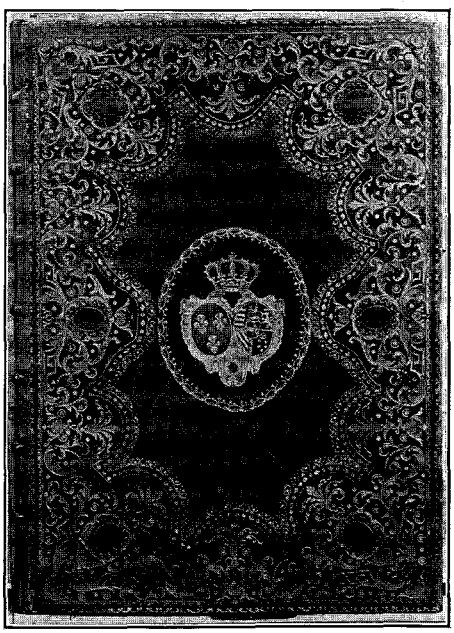
"BOOK OF HOURS" OF METZ. TENTH CENTURY. BINDING OF LEATHER WITH SILVER MOUNTINGS AND IVORY CARVINGS

when the great general catalogue now under way was begun. When completed it will fill eighty volumes of eight hundred pages. The work is disheartening in its magnitude, but has now reached the letter H. M. Homolle hopes that it will be finished by 1925. In the meantime the library issues many bulletins giving the list of books received and the card catalogues are well maintained. And there have been published a number of special catalogues, the most important of which is that of works relating to the history of France. Begun in 1854 and finished in 1897, it consists of twelve large volumes.

IV

Among the unique treasures of the institution in the way of printed books is the first book printed in Paris, the *Letters of Gasparin de Bergame* (1470) in Latin, and the *Chronicles of St. Denis* (1476), the first French volume printed in Paris. In first editions of famous books of French authorship the collection is of course incomparable. The series of books from the early printers of Germany, Holland, Italy, and England is superb. Outside of Paris forty-one French cities are known to have printed books before 1500, beginning with Lyons in 1473, and ending with Valenciennes in 1500. The Bibliothèque Nationale possesses first editions of thirty-nine of these books. Two are still missing, a breviary printed in Narbonne in 1491, of which that city has a copy; and a breviary printed at Perpignan in 1500, of which the only known copy belongs to the library of Ste. Geneviève in Paris. Many of the bindings, bearing the arms of the kings and great nobles of France, are of incomparable richness. Under Louis XVI the library obtained two copies of Gutenberg's Mazarin Bible. Also an unique copy of Michael Servet's *Christianismi Restituo*. The reformer was denounced for the publication of this work by Calvin, who had him arrested and burned alive in Geneva, in October, 1753. The whole edition, with the ex-



MARIE-ANTOINETTE'S COPY OF TASSO'S "LA GERASALEMME L'BERATA." VENICE, 1745

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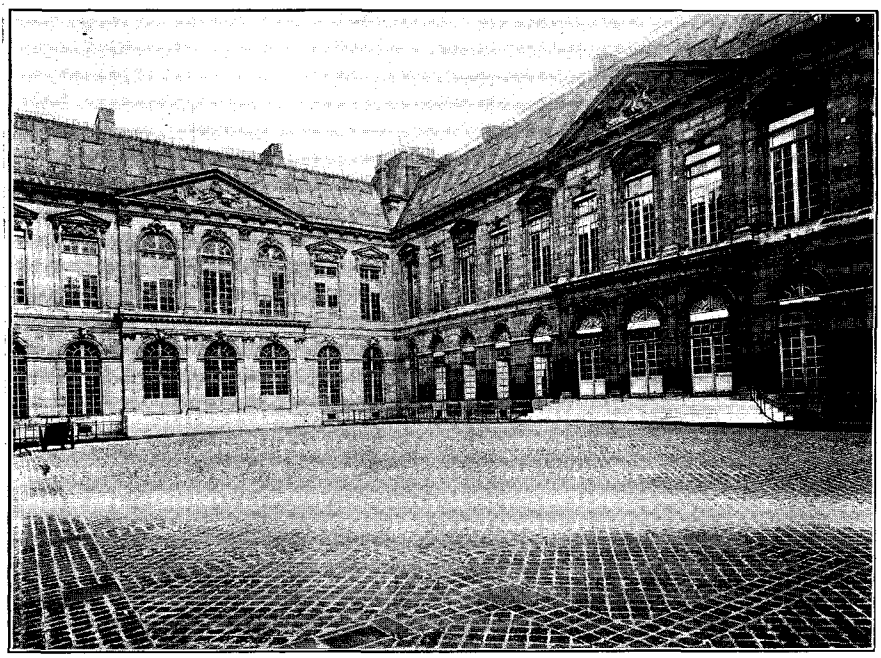
ception of this copy, was burned with him. According to the English physician, Richard Mead, this copy was saved from the fire, of which it still bears the marks. What makes its value still greater is that it was apparently that in which Colladon, one of Servet's judges, had marked the passages upon which he was condemned. The book was sold in 1763 for three thousand francs and bought in 1784 by the Bibliothèque Nationale from the collection of the Duc de la Vallière for thirteen thousand francs.



THE COURT OF HONOUR

The department of medals and coins (Medailles et Antiques) had its beginnings in the sixteenth century. François I was the first royal coin collector of note. Hubert Goltz published in 1557 an account of two hundred collections of medals in Holland, one hundred and seventy-five in Germany, three hundred and eighty in Italy and two hundred in France, of which twenty-eight were in Paris. He mentions that of Henri II as one of the most important. The medal collection of Henri IV at Fontainebleau contained a treasure of coins, engraved gems and works of art so extensive that the king appointed in 1602 a special administrator. This nucleus was the foundation of the collection now preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Under Louis XIV it was enriched by the gift of Gaston, duc d'Orléans, a famous collector, and by that of Hippolyte de Béthune, a nephew of Sully, who refused for his collection one hundred thousand crowns offered by the queen of Sweden in order to give it to France. Louis XIV's ambassadors found that no gift better pleased the "Roi Soleil" than the rare medals and gems they could send to Versailles, where the king kept his collection. The best artists and engravers of the day were kept busy upon medals designed to commemorate events of the great reign. This policy was continued under Louis XV, who moved the collection to Paris.

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Mme. de Pompadour, the patroness of Jacques Guay, the greatest engraver of semi-precious stones of modern times, gave to the king in 1764 the priceless collection of masterpieces that Guay had made for her. One purchase alone under Louis XV comprised thirty-two thousand Greek medals. Under the Revolution the collection was enriched by the treasures from churches and monasteries. Later it suffered, as did jewelry of much beauty, hundreds of statuettes of bronze and silver, the ivory chess set presented, according to tradition, by Haroun al Raschid to Charlemagne, and the sword of Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Grenada.

The department of engravings (Cabinet des Estampes) owes its earliest treasures to Jacques Dupuy, who, in 1654, presented to the king in addition to his books a fine collection of Dutch and

FAÇADE OF THE SQUARE LOUVOIS RUE RICHELIEU

the books, by theft. In 1831 two thousand gold medals of priceless value were stolen by thieves, who melted their loot for the gold. At present the collection numbers two hundred and twenty-five thousand pieces. Of the cameos the most famous is that known as the great cameo of the Sainte Chapelle, which was given by the Emperor Badouin II to Saint Louis. It represents Tiberius and Livia receiving Germanicus. The collection comprises Greek and Roman Flemish engravings, among them many drawings by Rembrandt and Dürer. In 1666 the Abbé de Marolles, an enthusiastic collector of engravings, sold to Louis XIV for the equivalent in our money of three hundred thousand francs, his collection of one hundred any twenty-three thousand pieces in five hundred and twenty volumes which the king had magnificently bound in green and red morocco with the royal arms. These splendid volumes still remain in the li-

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brary. From 1750 to 1790 Hugues-Adrien Joly, the best administrator the collection of engravings ever had, devoted his energies to gathering the masterpieces of French art, especially contemporary portraits, of which, thanks to him, the Paris library is the richest in the world. In recent times the growth of the collection has kept pace with that of the books. During the last ten years more than one hundred thousand pieces have been added.

Several interesting problems concerning the Bibliothèque Nationale must be dealt with in the next few years. Notwithstanding the recent additions to the buildings it is only a question of a short time when the ocean of books will overflow the present reservoir. It has been found necessary to send some of the material of least value to Fontainebleau—all the prayer-books, thousands of them all of the same type, and hundreds of thousands of works, mostly theological, that are not called for once in twenty years. The present buildings are not fireproof, and while fires are rare in Paris, the possibility of a great conflagration in the Rue Vivienne is enough to make all book lovers shudder. This is one reason why artificial light is so sparingly used and the library never opened at night. M. Camille Bloch, the general inspector of French libraries, made a report recently in which he suggests opening the library at night and increasing the seating capacity of the reading-room. The amount of money allowed to the library by the government is small as compared to that spent upon the British Museum library or the library of Congress in the United States. Thus for new books and for the purchase of old books offered at auction the sum allowed to the Bibliothèque Nationale is less than twenty thousand dollars a year; the national library of Berlin has forty-six thousand dollars a year for this purpose, the British Museum seventy thousand dollars, and our library of Congress one hundred thousand dollars. The cost of maintaining the Bibliothèque Nationale averages one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, of which sum ninety thousand dollars are expended for salaries and the rest for new books, binding, and heating. During the last ten years the number of readers using the library has grown from one hundred thousand a year to one hundred and eighty-seven thousand.

Like every great library the Bibliothèque Nationale has had its share of eccentric patrons. One of the most singular of recent years was an old Italian who talked to no one, but who for twenty years worked at the same desk, demanding always the same books, over which he pored from the time the reading-room opened until it closed. To the chief librarian he said that he was compiling a Turkish-French dictionary. After his death it was discovered that he knew no Turkish and but little French. Another constant visitor was a crack-brained poet who, having lost his reason after some love affair, came regularly for fifteen years to read two books of poems—always the same ones—which having finished, he at once began over again. Every morning, summer and winter, as the clock struck nine he was at the door with his ticket. When one morning he failed to appear, the attenddants knew that he must be dead. And upon sending around to his lodgings so it proved.

The pictures and much of the information contained in this article are taken, with permission, from an exhaustive account of the Bibliothèque Nationale by M. Henry Marcel, who preceded M. Homolle as director. This interesting book, to which may be referred any one who wishes to know all that can be known of the great library of France, is published by Henri Laurens of Paris.

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ROBERT BRIDGES AS LYRIST

BY MILTON BRONNER

WHEN it was announced that Robert Bridges had been appointed to succeed the late Alfred Austin, one American newspaper informed its readers that the new poet laureate was "a little old doctor who sometimes wrote poetry." All of which is one more proof of the aloofness of Bridges's muse, the scantiness of his reputation with the general public, and the popular ignorance of his work. Even the great New York dailies, rushing into print with special signed articles, presented merely a hasty patchwork of the ideas of Arthur Symons and Professor Herbert Warren of Oxford, unmindful of the fact that the late Edward Dowden eighteen years ago proclaimed his faith in the poetry that has now been crowned.

The number of critics who have seriously considered Bridges's work is very small. Yet there is no poet who has pursued his own path with more assiduity and none who has remained more independent of his age, while quietly scripts are the *Book of Hours* of Louis criticism will not willingly allow to die.

The necessary facts about his life can be presented in a half dozen lines. He was born in 1844 in Kent, and was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. As a student, he was not only interested in his classical course, but also in cricket and boating. Graduating in the arts, he spent some time in travel on the Continent, and then returned home, where he studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and at Oxford. He practised his profession as a member of the staff of St. Bartholomew's and of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, London, until 1882, at which time he retired, settling in Yattendon, Berkshire, where he still lives.

One would naturally think that there would appear in Bridges's verse a revelation of the man of scientific training, warmed through by the tender sympathies of him who had ministered unto the sufferings of little children, but of these things there is no sign. It was no doctor who added a new province to English verse and gave us the unique rhymes "In Hospital," but a mere layman, a patient in a hospital—William Ernest Henley.

Bridges is neither a modernist nor a futurist. As near as may be, he is timeless. There are strains in his poetry that seem late Elizabethan or early Jacobean. There are lines that are reminiscent of the Italians or of the younger and blither John Milton. There are plays with words that hark back to the "metaphysical school" and John Donne. And so one might go on. But the truth is that the real Bridges—not the reminiscent one—sings of the things that are eternal as subjects of poetry and sings in his own manner and mode. He celebrates the sorrows and the joys of love. He thrills with the approach of spring, and saddens with the first signs of the oncoming of autumn and winter. He pictures the beauties of the silver Thames. He listens with delighted ear to the robin and the nightingale. He looks tenderly at fragile flowers. There is in him a great fund of pensiveness, a melancholy induced by the fact that all lovely things perish, all happy moods pass away. Time and change, the flux of matter—these things incline him to a grave music, despite his own proclamation:

> But since I have found the beauty of joy
> I have done with proud dismay;
> For howsoe'er man hug his care
> The best of his art is gay.

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Now the best of his art is not gay. The best of his art is the lyric that muses, that ponders, that sighs "alas!", that weeps gently, that breaks into an elegy. Indeed more than any recent poet Bridges is given to elegiac strains. It amounts to an obsession with him, whether it be the elegy over his lost boyhood—

Clear and gentle stream!
Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song
And the idle dream
Of my boyish day;
While I once again
Down thy margin stray,
In the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent,
With my old lament
And my idle dream,
Clear and gentle stream!

Or an elegy over a lost sweetheart:

'Twas here we loved in sunnier days and greener;
And now, in this disconsolate decay,
I come to see her where I most have seen her,
And touch the happier day.

Or finally in the lines on a dead child:

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—
Death, whither hath he taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.

It will be noticed that in such things there is no faintest echo of the questions that disturb our modernists. The poet remains supremely indifferent to our problems. The age of the flying machine, the automobile and wireless telegraphy, and of the thousand and one new inventions and endeavours of men, has apparently no effect upon the trend of the thought of this singer. So far as he is concerned, all these matters are as if they were not, or but as an idle dream. He is more interested in watching his garden in September, or in observing a flock of starlings in November. The truth is that his muse is best when it sings of such subjects. When Bridges writes a drama dealing with Greek themes, or a narrative poem like "Eros and Psyche," the best that can be said of it is that it sounds like a very good translation from the Greek. When he becomes, at rare intervals, very contemporary, swinging to the other extreme, and writes jubilee songs and peace odes, the result is not very successful. But let him muse over the uncertainties of love, or grow joyous in praise of his sweetheart, or tender over a scene connected with a fondly remembered past, and there at once you have the best that is in him.

So much for his moods in general. His manner, too, presents an interesting study. There are times when he seems to rival the Euphuists and John Donne. He plays with an idea juggler-like, as in these lines:

She loves me first because I love her, then
Loves me for knowing why she should be loved,
And that I love to praise her, loves again.
So from her beauty both our loves are moved,
And by her beauty are sustain'd.

Or he dallies by the way with a figure of speech:

O my life's mischief, once my love's delight,
That drew'st a mortgage on my heart's estate,
Whose baneful clause is never out of date,
Nor can avenging time restore my right.

We are unwilling to believe that any man, least of all a man of our time, ever

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thought in such a strain. But such citations after all do not represent the real Bridges, the Bridges who is best worth knowing. The real poet is a man whose utterances are marked by an exquisite simplicity and tender beauty. The music is unforced. It seems spontaneous. And this, despite the fact that Bridges is a learned versifier whose studies of the prosody of Milton and Keats, and whose experiments in classical rhymes are unique. His more perfect lyrics are true examples of the art that conceals art. They rank with the simplicities of Blake at his best, of Wordsworth, and in our own day of William H. Davies, the tramp poet, who often sings like a lark of the fields.

Let us look at one of these typical Bridges songs:

I have loved flowers that fade,
  Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
  With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,—
  A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:—
  My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
  Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
  Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
  Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
  My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
  And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
  Dread not an airy tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
  'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast; now on thy bier
  Beauty shall shed a tear.

Here is a song like a flower, like an air, and like these things, just as difficult to analyse, to explain. Its beauty is immediately sensed and admitted. Once again hear him:

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I, too, will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

No man of our time has created lyrics more sure of life than such as these. And yet one has a slight feeling of disappointment as one goes through his books of poems. This singer is too restrained. His muse is too subdued, too chaste. There may be a subtle heat, a repressed emotion in these lines, but one misses the great passions. One would be more convinced of his ordinary humanity if there were occasionally an unpremeditated outburst, if there were a touch of common earthiness, if there were a flare of gold and scarlet and azure, instead of these milder tints so beautifully blended; if there were a clangour or a discord, instead of this smooth and skilful and accomplished music. A good shock to the ear or the eye would not seem amiss. You get no nearer to him when he writes a frigid jubilee song or an occasional ode. Nor does one come across the naked, unashamed emotions in his sonnet-sequence, "The Growth of Love." Here are some very accomplished sonnets, many of them in the Italian form. Here is a careful psychological study of the passion, and there are some very fine sonnets on detached subjects as in this noble tribute:

O flesh and blood, comrade to tragic pain
And clownish merriment; whose sense could wake
Sermons in stones, and count death but an ache,
All things as vanity, yet nothing vain:
The world, set in thy heart, thy passionate strain
Reveal'd anew; but thou for man didst make
Nature twice natural, only to shake
Her kingdom with the creatures of thy brain.

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Lo, Shakespeare, since thy time nature is loth
To yield to art her fair supremacy;
In conquering one thou hast so enrichèd both.
What shall I say? for God—whose wise decree
Confirmeth all He did by all He doth—
Doubled His whole creation making thee.

Fine as this is, there is nowhere in this sonnet series a passionate heart-cry such as one reads in Shakespeare's broodings over his dark lady, nor a piercing note such as Mrs. Browning gives us, nor a sensuous lovely passage such as we find in Rossetti. In only one of his lyrical pieces does Bridges give this warm human note. For once he achieves the genuinely romantic. He is touched with mystery and otherworldliness and presents his theme in couplets that are entirely adequate for the due setting forth of a masterpiece in petto:

Long are the hours the sun is above,
But when evening comes I go home to my love.
I'm away the daylight hours and more,
Yet she comes not down to open the door.
She does not meet me upon the stair,—
She sits in my chamber and waits for me there.
As I enter the room she does not move;
I always walk straight up to my love.
And she lets me take my wonted place
At her side, and gaze in her dear, dear face.
There as I sit, from her head thrown back
Her hair falls straight in a shadow black.
Aching and hot as my tired eyes be,
She is all that I wish to see.
And in my wearied and toil-dinned ear,
She says all things that I wish to hear.
Dusky and duskier grows the room,
Yet I see her best in the darker gloom.
When the winter eves are early and cold,
The firelight hours are a dream of gold.
And so I sit here night by night,
In rest and enjoyment of love's delight.
But a knock at the door, a step on the stair
Will startle, alas, my love from her chair.
If a stranger comes she will not stay;
At the first alarm she is off and away.
And he wonders, my guest, usurping her throne,
That I sit so much by myself alone.

Now even this poem has a subtlety about it that prevents its being popular. Bridges will never be a people's poet, however much he may be a poet's poet. His walks are too often too far away from the common haunts of men. He strikes most readers as cold. And he is fully conscious of the fact that his lyrics have induced but faint response. He recurs to the thought not once, but many times:

O my uncared for songs, what are ye worth,
That in my secret book with so much care
I write you, this one here and that one there,
Marking the time and order of your birth?
How, with a fancy so unkind to mirth,
A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare,
Look ye for any welcome anywhere
From any shelf or heart-home on the earth?

Nor—now that he is poet laureate—can one venture to predict a very largely increased audience. He is not a happy singer of songs for occasions such as a true laureate, perhaps, should be. His lyrics are the perfect products of a patient waiting upon moods. One cannot imagine him thrilling England with drum and fife lines of victory. His Boer War verses were poor stuff. One cannot picture him, hat in hand, courtier-wise, loyally singing the glory of the wedding of some princeling. But the death of royalty—ah! there the pensive elegiac strain may stand him in good stead!

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THE ORDER OF THE LITERATI

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Society of Tinkling Symbols met in their pleasant rooms at No. 4, Poetic Mews. Spring had passed, so their fancy was lightly turning to other matters than Love, and it chanced to turn lightly to the Cubist Movement in Art.

"Of course," mused President Swinburne, rolling his eye in an especially fine frenzy, "this movement will strike the poets next."

"Na," said Dante Gabriel Rossetti, refraining for a moment from the refrain he was building, "we must be ready for it."

"We must advance to meet it," said Edgar Allan Poe, who was ever of an adventurous nature; "what's it all about?"

"The principles are simple," observed Robert Browning, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; "in fact, it's much like my own work always has been. I was born cubic. You see, you just symbolise the liquefaction of the essence of an idea into its emotional constituents, and there you are!"

"Dead easy!" declared Alfred Tennyson, who went out poeting by the day, and knew how to do any kind. "What's the subject?"

"That's just the point," said President Swinburne; "preëminently and exclusively it's subjective, and you must keep it so. On no account allow an object of any kind to creep in. Now here's one of the Cubist pictures; they call it 'A Nude Descending the Staircase.' They pick names at random out of a hat, I believe. Take this, you fellows, and throw it into poetry."

"Any rules or conditions?" asked William Wordsworth.

"Absolutely none. It's the Ruleless School."

Then the Poets opened the aspiration valves, ignited the divine spark plugs, and whiz! went their meter-motors in a whirring, buzzing melody.

Soon their Cubist emotions were splashed upon paper, and the Poets read with justifiable pride these symbolic results.

President Swinburne tossed off this poetic gem without a bit of trouble:

Square eyelids that hide like a jewel;
  Ten heads,—though I sometimes count more;
Six mouths that are cubic and cruel;
  Of mixed arms and legs, twenty-four;
Descending in Symbolic glories
  Of lissome triangles and squares;
Oh, mystic and subtle Dolores,
  Our Lady of Stairs.

You descend like an army with banners,
  In a cyclone of wrecked parasols.
You look like a mob with mad manners
  Or a roystering row of Dutch dolls.
Oh, Priestess of Cubical Passion,
  Oh, Deification of Whim,
You seem to walk down in the fashion
  That lame lobsters swim.

Here we have Mr. P. B. Shelley's noble lines:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  Nude thou never wert.
Not from Heaven or near it
  Breathed thy cubic heart
In profuse stairs of unintelligible art.

What thou art, we know not;
  What is thee most like?
Snakes tied in a bow-knot?
  Stovepipes on a strike?
Or Bellevue inmates on a Suffrage hike!

We look before and after,
  And pine thy face to see;
Our sincerest laughter
  Is aroused by thee.
Art thou perchance the sad cube root of 23?

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Mr. R. Kipling felt a flash of his old fire, and threw in a high speed:

On an old symbolic staircase,
  Looking forty ways at once;
There's a Cubist Nude descending,
  With the queerest sort of stunts.
For the staircase is a-falling,
  And the Noodle seems to say,
"Tho' you hear my soul a-calling,
  You can't see me, anyway!"

Oh, this Symbol balderdash,
And this Post-Impression trash;
  Can't you see their paint a-chunkin' in a hotchy-potchy splash?
Where the motives bold and brash
Of the Cubist painters clash,
  And the Nude descends like thunder down a staircase gone to smash!

But Mr. D. G. Rossetti, ever a sweet singer, warbles thus tunefully:

The Blessed Nude at eve leaned out
  From the gold staircase rail;
Her paint was deeper than the depth
  Of waters in a pail.
She wore three bonnets on her heads,
  And seven coats of mail.

And still she bowed herself and swayed
  In circling cubic charms.
And the pigments of her painted soul
  Were loud as war's alarms.
But the staircase lay as if asleep
  Along her fourteen arms.

(I saw her move!) But soon her path
  Was cubes instead of spheres;
And then she disappeared among
  The staircase barriers;
And after she was gone, I saw
  She'd wept some large paint tears!

Mr. R. Browning finds the subject greatly to his liking:

Who will may hear the Staircase Story told;
All its blobs, splotches, facets,—what you will;
The vague Nude, compassed murkily about
With ravage of six long sad hundred stairs,
Dizzily plunging with tumultuous glee!
Whirling the stairdust, hazarding oblique.
The moon safe in her pocket! see she treads
Cool citric crystals, fierce pyropus stone;
While crashing sunbeams in a triple line
Smirk at the insane roses in her hair,
And Strojavacca, frowning, looks asquint
To see that trick of toe,—that dizened heel,—
As she, the somewhat, hangs 'twixt naught and naught
A perfect Then,—a sub-potential Now—
A facile and slabsided centipede.

And here is Mr. B. Jonson's little jingle:

Still to be cubed, still to be square,
As you were going down a stair;
Still to see lurid pigments sluiced,—
Lady, it is to be deduced,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not square, all is not round.

Give me a cube, give me a line
That makes a whirling maze design;
Robes made of sheet-iron, flowing free,—
Such sweet device more taketh me
Than masterpieces of old Rubes
Which charm not eyes attuned to cubes.

And Mr. J. W. Riley sings in his usual comforting strain:

There, little Nude, don't cry!
  You've descended the stairs, I know;
    And the weird wild ways
    Of the Cubist Jays
  Have made you a holy show!
But Post Impressions will soon pass by.
  There little Nude, don't cry, don't cry!

Sir A. Tennyson caught the Cubical spirit neatly, thus:

As the staircase is, the Nude is; thou art painted by a freak,
And I think that he has knocked thee to the middle of next week.
He will paint thee (till this fashion shall expend its foolish force),
Something like a rabid dog,—a little larger than a horse.

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Semblance? Likeness? Scorned of Cubists!
This th' evangel that he sings;
Any picture's crown of glory is to look like other things.
So thou art not seen descending in the ordinary way.
But like fifty motor-cycles, breaking speed laws in Cathay.

Mr. C. Kingsley was gently interested:

My Cubist Nude, I have no song to give you;
I could not pipe you, howsoe'er I tried.
But ere I go, I wish that you would teach me
That Staircase Slide!

Be skittish, child, and let who will be graceful,
Do whizzy whirls whenever you've the chance;
And so make life, death and that grand old staircase
One song and dance.

Oscar Wilde was moody and this was his mood:

Adown the stairs the Nudelet came;
(Pale pink eats up a purple tree!)
Hark! to the smitten cubes of flame!
Ah, me! Ah, jamboree!

Her soul seethed in emotions sweet;
(Pale pink eats up a purple tree!)
Symbolling like a torn-up street;
Ah, jamboree! ah, me!

And still the Nude's soul-cubes are there,—
(Pale pink eats up a purple tree!)
In writhen glory of despair,—
Ah, me! Ah, Hully Gee!

Mr. W. Wordsworth was frankly disdainful:

She trod among the untrodden maze
Of Cubists on a spree;
A Nude when there were none to praise,
And very few could see.

A violet 'neath a mossy stone,
Quite hidden from the eye,
Is far more easy to discern
Than that same Nude to spy.

She lived unseen. Though some few fakes
Pretended her to see;
But if she's on the stairs, it makes
No difference to me.

Mr. Longfellow fairly let himself go:

The picture's done! And the Staircase
Falls like the crash of night.
And the Nude is wafted downward
Like a catapult in flight.

There's a feeling of strange emotion
That is not akin to art;
And resembles a picture only
As a Tartar resembles a tart.

Such art has power to rouse
Our laughter at any time,
And comes like electrocution
That follows after crime.

And Mr. Bunner's poetic gem has a charm all its own:

It was an old, old, old, old, lady,
On a staircase at half-past three;
And the way she was painted together
Was beautiful for to see.

She wasn't visible any,
And the staircase, no more was he;
For it was a Cubist picture
With a feeling of deep skewgee.

'Twas a symbol of soul expression,
Though you'd never have known it to be!
That emotional old, old lady
On a staircase at half-past three.

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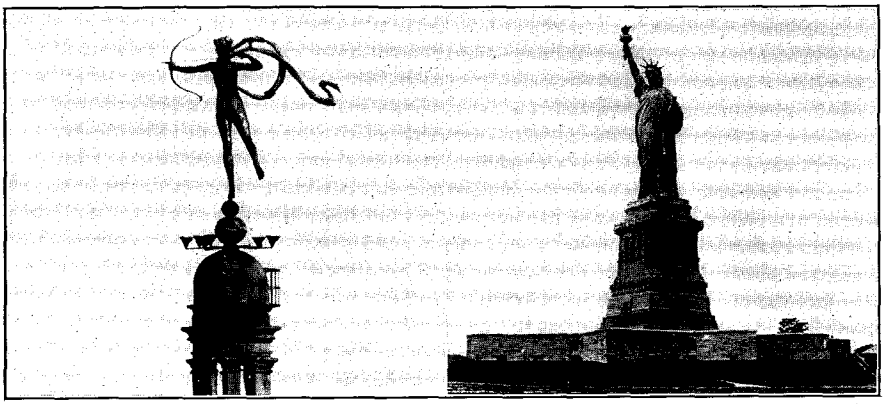

"AH, THERE, MRS. LIBERTY," CALLED A CLEAR, ROLLICKING SOPRANO VOICE THROUGH THE STILL MIDNIGHT AIR

"IS THAT YOU, MISS DIANA? EXCUSE MY NOT TURNING MY HEAD. I'M NOT AS FLIGHTY AND WHIRLY-WHIRLY AS SOME." "THE LADY HIGHER UP"

ABOUT NEW YORK WITH O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

A MAP showing the literary trail of O. Henry would take in the entire Union with the possible exception of the New England States, stretch down to include all of Central America and wander on into certain countries of South America. An entire magazine article might be written to illustrate his scope on American soil. To indicate it by a brief mention of a few familiar stories, we have Washington in "The Duplicity of Hargraves," Texas in "Friends in San Rosario," New Orleans in "Cherchez la Femme" and "The Shamrock and the Palm," the Virginia Blue Ridge in "A Blackjack Bargainer," North Carolina in "The Emancipation of Billie," Alabama in "The Ransom of Red Chief," Arkansas in "A Retrieved Reformation," and the Middle West and the Far West in the stories that make up *The Gentle Grafter* and *The Heart of the West.* He began his career as a story spinner with scenes in the tropics in *Cabbages and Kings,* and back to the tropics he returned for the inspiration of such tales as "The Fourth in San Salvador," "The Theory and the Hound," "The World and the Door," "Two Renegades," "A Matter of Mean Elevation," "Phoebe," and "A Double Dyed Deceiver." Frank Norris's assertion that the only "story cities" in the United States were New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco, he took as a challenge, and sat down to transmute the matter of fact Rand and McNally description of Nashville, Tennessee, into the grim and memorable tale which bears the title "A Municipal Report." Once at least, in *Roads of Destiny,* he crossed the seas to draw a fanciful picture of Old France.

But despite the fact that O. Henry came to know New York only in the later years of his life, it is the "Big City" that stands out, the protagonist of two-thirds of his maturer work. To him it was ever a thing of amazing mystery, a veritable Bagdad on the Subway, where Aladdins were continually rubbing their wonderful lamps, and the emissaries of countless bands of Forty Thieves were placing chalk marks on doors. It was a

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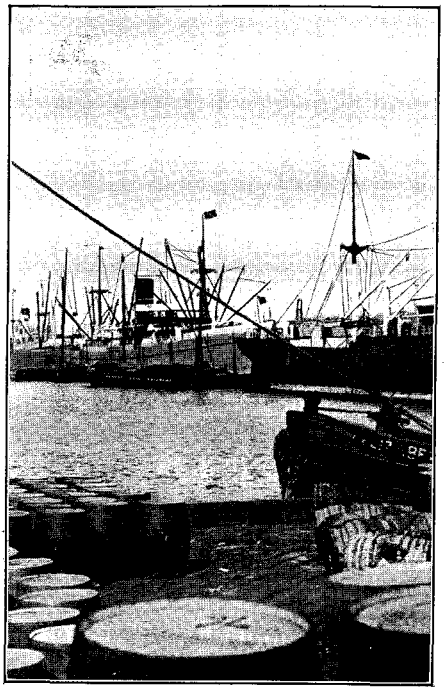
town where one walking through a side street had only to look up to see a startled face outlined against a window, where letters calling for assistance or hinting at the maturing of some stupendous crime were constantly falling at the traveller's feet. He himself trudged through it from end to end in the spirit of a modern Haroun-al-Raschig, in imagination exorcising evil Genii, succoring the oppressed, and bestowing prodigious rewards upon the virtuous. It



"TWO MEN WERE SITTING ON A STRINGER OF A NORTH RIVER PIER." "CABBAGES AND KINGS"

was in the haphazard, unsystematic mood befitting an Oriental Caliph that O. Henry sought out the Street of the Little Cobbler, or the Bazaar of the Harness makers, and appropriately it is in the same at-random mood that these notes about his trail are jotted down.

II

To look at the matter in its chronological aspect, the first appearance of New York in the romance of O. Henry was probably in the last part of *Cabbages and Kings*. There is a picture of two men sitting on a stringer of a North River pier while a steamer from the tropics is unloading bananas and oranges. One of the men is O'Day, formerly of the Columbia Detective Agency. In a moment of confidence he tells his companion of the mistake which has brought him to his unenviable condition, and incidentally clears up for the reader the rather ugly mystery that throughout the book obscured the marriage of Frank Goodwin and the lady known in Coralio as Isabel Guilbert. To begin in another way, that is at the gateway of the city and of the new world, in the story "The Lady Higher Up," O. Henry pictures a dialogue between Mrs. Liberty, on her pedestal in the bay, and Miss Diana at the top of the tower of Madison Square Garden. Even the thick brogue which Mrs. Liberty has acquired cannot hide her envy of the other lady. In the matron's opinion Miss Diana has the best job for a statue in the whole town, with the Cat Show, and the Horse Show, and the military tournaments where the privates "look grand as generals, and the generals try to look grand as floorwalkers," and the Sportsman's Show, and above all, the French Ball "where the original Cohens and the Robert Emmett-Sangerbund Society dance the Highland Fling one with another."

But even before his first glimpse at Mrs. Liberty the visitor from a foreign shore has a sight of O. Henry's New York as, from the deck of the transatlantic liner, the great wheels and towers of Coney Island are pointed out to him. Among these wheels and towers Alexander Blinker, the owner of "Brick Dust Row," walked with Florence, his chance acquaintance of the boat, learned a lesson and saw a light. No more was the jostling crowd a mass of vulgarians seeking gross joys. Counterfeit and false though the garish pleasures of the spangled temples were, he perceived that deep under the gilt surface they offered saving and apposite balm and satisfaction to the restless human heart. Here, at

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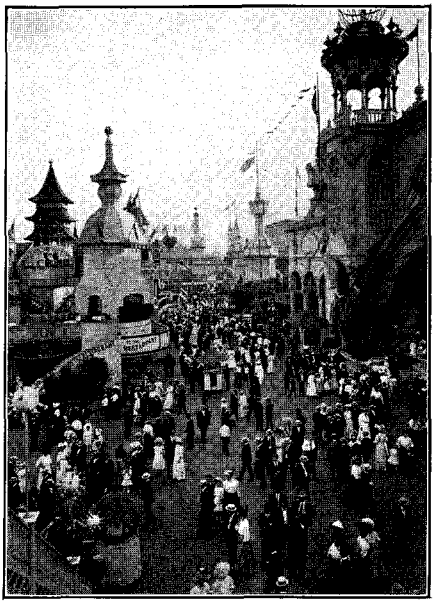
least, was the husk of Romance, the empty but shining casque of Chivalry, the breath-catching though safe-guarded dip and flight of Adventure. He saw no longer a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal. Again here, in the enchanted chicken coop of Madame Zozo, there was reading of "Tobin's Palm," and prophecies of a dark man and a light woman, of trouble and financial loss, of a voyage by water, and of a meeting with a man with a crooked nose. In "The Greater Coney" Dennis Carnahan expatiated ironically on the new city which has risen, Phœnix like, out of the ashes of the old, and the wiping out process, which, to his way of thinking, consisted of raising the price of admission from ten to twenty-five cents, and having a blonde named Maudie to take tickets instead of Micky, the Bowery Bite. The Babylonian towers and the Hindoo roof gardens blazing with lights, the camels moving with undulating walk, and the tawdry gondolas of artificial Venetian streets. These were what Mazie knew. Mazie of "A Lickpenny Lover." These things her little soul of a shop girl saw when the millionaire painter-traveller Irving Carter, whose heart she had so strangely won, proposed to her and drew his eloquent picture of a honeymoon in lands beyond the seas. These and no more. The next day her chum in the store asks about her "swell friend." "Him" is the retort, "Oh, he's a cheap skate. He ain't in it no more. What do you suppose that guy wanted me to do? He wanted me to marry him and go to Coney Island for a wedding trip."

"A Lickpenny Lover" is just one of the stories in which the specified location is not merely a scene of the tale, but partly an explanation of it. For example, the next time that the reader of these notes happens to be at that point of New York City where Sixth Avenue, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street meet, let him recall "Mammon and the Archer." In that story O. Henry is at his O. Henriest. Listen. The last opportunity that the hero of the story, Richard Rockwell, was to have to see Miss Lantry before her departure the next day for a two years' absence in Europe, was to be in the hansom cab in which he was to take her from the Grand Central Station to a box party at Wallack's Theatre. His father, the old soap manufacturer, cheered him with expression of rough optimism and offered to back him with his money. His aunt gave him as an amulet his mother's wed-



"BLINKER CONSIDERED THE TEMPLES, PAGODAS, AND KIOSKS OF POPULARISED DELIGHTS. HOI POLLOI TRAMPLED, HUSTLED AND CROWDED HIM. BASKET PARTIES BUMPED HIM, STICKY CHILDREN TUMBLED, HOWLING, UNDER HIS FEET, CANDYING HIS CLOTHES. INSOLENT YOUTHS, STROLLING AMONG THE BOOTHS WITH HARD WON CANES UNDER ONE ARM AND EASILY WON GIRLS UNDER THE OTHER, BLEW DEFIANT SMOKE FROM CHEAP CIGARS INTO HIS FACE. THE PUBLICITY GENTLEMEN WITH MEGAPHONES, EACH BEFORE HIS OWN STUPENDOUS ATTRACTION, ROARED LIKE NIAGARA IN HIS EARS." "BRICKDUST ROW"

ding ring in wishing him God-speed and success. Robert took the ring and started out on knightly quest. As the cab approached the crossing indicated the ring dropped tinkling to the pavement. In the few minutes' resulting delay the traffic assumed a tangled condition which held hero and heroine prisoners for

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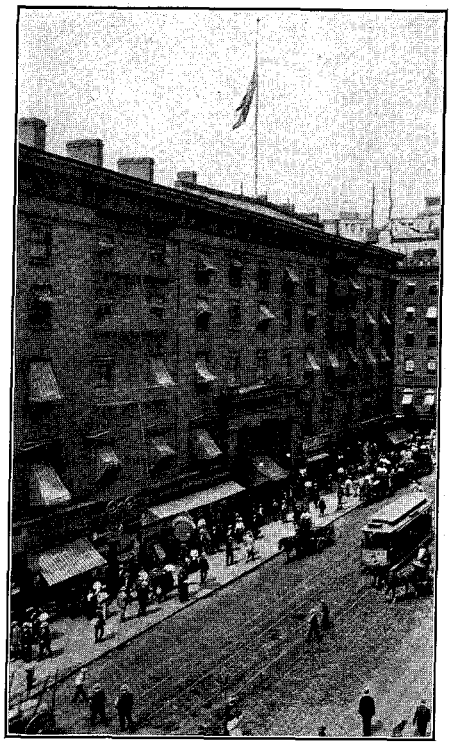
hours, and late that night the boy's aunt went to the father with the news that the young people were engaged, and a warning hat he should never boast of the power of money again, as the little gold band, an emblem of love and loyalty had done what mere wealth could not accomplish. The story should have ended there, but with the characteristic touch,



"IN NEW YORK THERE IS AN OLD, OLD HOTEL. IT WAS BUILT—LET'S SEE—AT A TIME WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING ABOVE FOURTEENTH STREET EXCEPT THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL TO BOSTON AND HAMMERSTEIN'S OFFICE. SOON THE OLD HOSTELRY WILL BE TORN DOWN. AND, AS THE STOUT WALLS ARE RIVEN APART AND THE BRICKS GO ROARING DOWN THE CHUTES, CROWDS OF CITIZENS WILL GATHER AT THE NEAREST CORNERS AND WEEP OVER THE DESTRUCTION OF A DEAR OLD LANDMARK. CIVIC PRIDE IS STRONG IN NEW BAGDAD; AND THE WETTEST WEEPER AND THE LOUDEST HOWLER AGAINST THE ICONOCLASTS WILL BE THE MAN (ORIGINALLY FROM TERRE HAUTE) WHOSE FOND MEMORIES OF THE OLD HOTEL ARE LIMITED TO HIS HAVING BEEN KICKED OUT FROM THE FREE LUNCH COUNTER IN 1873." "THE ENCHANTED PROFILE"

O. Henry introduced into the soap manufacturer's office the next morning a man who wore a red necktie and who answered to the name of Kelly. "Well," says the millionaire, "it was a pretty good bilin' of soap and how much do I owe you?" To which Kelly makes the reply that he has had five thousand dollars on account, that he had got the express wagons and cabs mostly for five dollars, but that the truckmen and motormen cost him ten dollars apiece, and the policeman twenty-five and fifty, but," he adds enthusiastically "when I got through I had a stage setting that would have made David Belasco envious. Why a snake couldn't have got across Thirty-fourth Street."

III

It is not likely that the Fourth Avenue of to-day would have had much to appeal to O. Henry's imagination. As it was half a dozen years ago it was one of his favourite thoroughfares, and reached its apotheosis in "A Bird of Bagdad." There O. Henry pictured it as a street that the city seemed to have forgotten in its growth, a street, born and bred in the Bowery, staggering northward full of good resolutions. At Fourteenth Street "it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theatres. It may yet become a fit mate for its highborn sister boulevard to the west, or its roaring, polyglot, broad-waisted cousin to the east." Then it passes what O. Henry in "The Gold that Glittered" called "the square presided over by George the Veracious," and comes to the silent and terrible mountains, buildings square as forts, high as the clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. Next it glides into a mediæval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques. "Men in rusting armour stand in the windows and menace the hurrying cars with raised, rusty iron bumpers, Hauberks and helms, blunderbuses, Cromwellian breastplates, matchlocks, creeses, and the swords and daggers of

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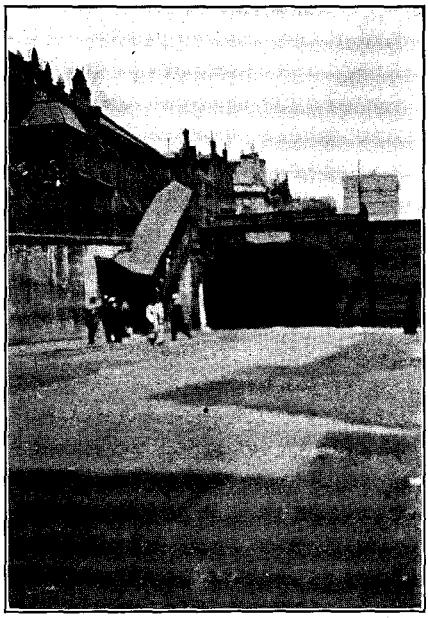
an army of dead and gone gallants gleam dully in the ghostly light." This mediæval solitude forbodes an early demise. What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics and trod by these spectral citizens? "Not Fourth Avenue. Not after the tinsel but enlivening glory of the Little Rialto—not after the echoing drum beats of Union Square. There need be no tears, ladies and gentlemen. 'Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street and is never seen again."

Three of the city squares, Madison Square, Union Square, and Gramercy Park play conspicuous parts in O. Henry's stories. His tales are full of human derelicts and where is there a more natural background for such than the public benches of these parks? He shows you the Bed Liners stamping their freezing feet, and the preacher standing on a pine box exhorting his transient and shifting audience. In this Bed Line were Walter Smuythe and the discharged coachman, Thomas McQuade, the night that the red motor car humming up Fifth Avenue, lost its extra tire as narrated in "The Fifth Wheel." It was on a bench of the Square that the millionaire Pilkins found the penniless young eloping couple Marcus Clayton of Roanoke County, Virginia, and Eva Bedford of Bedford County, of the same State. It was perhaps on the same bench that Soapy sat meditating just what violation of the law would insure his deportation to the hospitable purlieus of Blackwell's Island, which was his Palm



"WITH A CRASH AND A SHRIEK FOURTH AVENUE DIVES HEADLONG INTO THE TUNNEL AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND IS NEVER SEEN AGAIN." "A BIRD OF BAGDAD"

Beach and Riviera for the winter months. It was nearby at least that Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valle Luna, known otherwise as Dopey Mike, looked up at the clock in the Metropolitan Tower and gave sage advice and consolation to the young man who was waiting to learn his fate as told in "The Caliph, Cupid and the Clock." While the auto with the white body and the red running gear was waiting near the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and

THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA

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Fifth Avenue, Parkenstacker made the acquaintance of the girl in grey and listened to the strange story born in the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*. Over on the sidewalk just in front of the Flatiron building Sam Folwell and Cal Harkness, the Cumberland feudists, shook hands "Squaring the Circle."

"WHERE BROADWAY SKIRTS THE CORNER OF THE SQUARE PRESIDED OVER BY GEORGE THE VERACIOUS." "THE GOLD THAT GLITTERED"

In following the trail of O. Henry's men and women through Madison Square you have the choice of many benches. This is not the case when Union Square is introduced in the story of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen." The writer tells you that when Stuffy Pete went to the Square to await the coming of the tall thin old gentleman dressed in black and wearing the old-fashioned kind of glasses that won't stay on the nose—the old gentleman who had been Stuffy's host every Thanksgiving Day for nine years—he "took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union Square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain." Across Union Square Hastings Beauchamp Moreley sauntered with a pitying look at the hundreds that lolled upon the park benches in "The Assessor of Success." One evening in the Square Murray and the dismissed police captain Marony were sitting side by side trying to think of schemes to repair their fallen fortunes. When opportunity came both acted "According to their Lights." The captain was reduced to the point where, to use his own words, he would "marry the Empress of China for one bowl of chop suey, commit murder for a plate of beef stew, steal a wafer from a waif, or be a Morman for a bowl of chowder." But his code of honour he still retained. He would not "squeal." It is to the other extreme of society that O. Henry takes us when he deals with Gramercy Park. All about that private square with its locked gates are the severe mansions of his aristocrats. There dwelt Alicia Van Der Pool before she married Robert Walmesley in "The Defeat of the City." A house facing the west side of the park was unquestionably the home of the Von der Ruyslings. That illustrious family had dwelt there for many years. In fact, in a spirit of obvious awe, O. Henry imparted the information that the Von der Ruyslings had received the first key ever made to Gramercy Park. In "The Marry Month of May" we learn that near the Park old Mr. Coulson had a house, the gout, half a million dollars, a daughter, and a housekeeper. It was the daughter who thought to chill her father's springtime ardour by the introduction of a thousand pounds of ice into the basement. It was the housekeeper that thwarted the scheme with the result that the old millionaire uttered his deferred proposal while Miss

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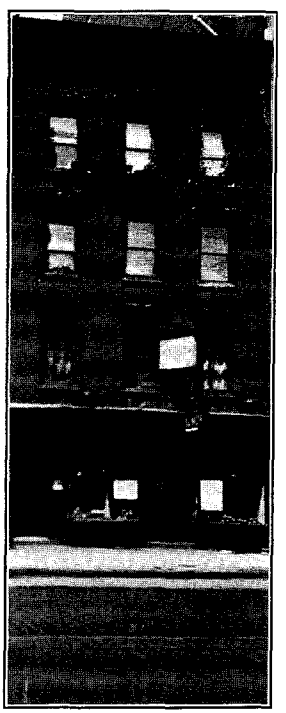
Van Meeker Constantia Coulson ran away with the iceman.

IV

Following the trail down to old Greenwich Village you will find, for example, the squatty three-story brick buildings at the top of which Sue and Johanna had their studio. There Johanna fell desperately ill with pneumonia and old Behrman achieved his masterpiece at the cost of his own life, by painting on the wall outside the sick girl's window "The Last Leaf" that won her back to strength and health. There, too, —in the red brick district, was "The Furnished Room," with its suggestion of mignonette. A few blocks away to the south and west is Abingdon Square. In "The Things that Play" we are told "there stands a house near Abingdon Square. On the ground floor there has been for twenty-five years a little store where toys and notions and stationary are sold." There Mrs. Frank Barry, deserted on her wedding night on account of a strange misunderstanding, lived out her life awaiting the return of her husband. Retracing our steps northward we find Sixth Avenue as the scene of "The Fairy of Unfullfilment." There the Man from Nome found the Girl from Sieber-Mason's. In the midst of the Sixth Avenue rush Greenbrier Nye singled out his old comrade of the plains, Longhorn Merrick, made over into an inmate of the City Directory, and in his company, lost some of his scorn for the effete east and listened to "The Call of the Tame."



"NEAR THE SAD SCENE OF THE THOROUGHFARE'S DISSOLUTION STOOD THE MODEST RESTAURANT OF QUIGG." "A BIRD OF BAGDAD"

ABINGDON SQUARE. "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Then the East Side. Somewhere there you will find the famous Café Maginnis, where Ikey Snigglefritz, in the proudest, maddest moment of his life shook the hand of the great Billy McMahon. An indication as to the Café Maginnis's exact whereabouts is given in the information that Ikey, leaving it, "went down Hester Street, and up Chrystie and down Delancey to where he lived. Ikey's home was in a crazy brick structure, "foul and awry" and

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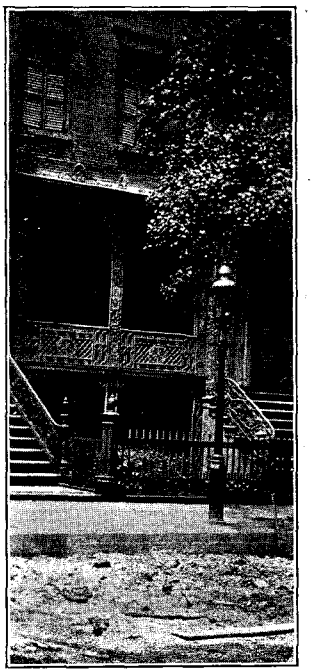
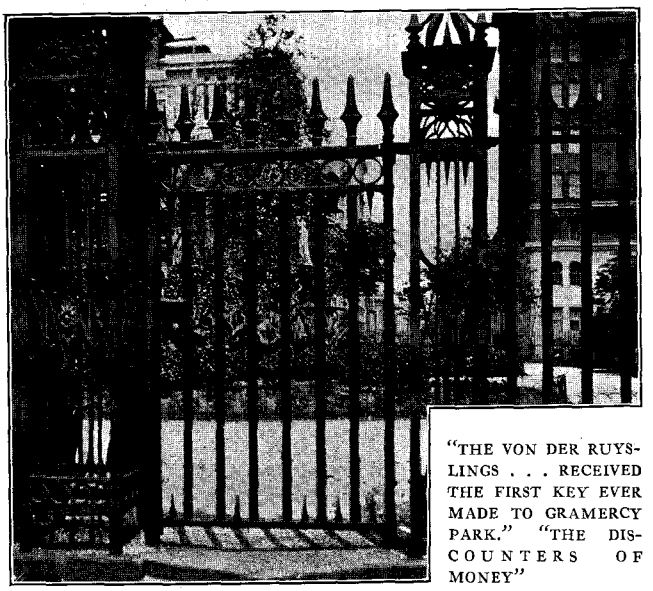


"THE VON DER RUYSLINGS STILL LIVE IN THAT LITTLE SQUARE ABOUT WHICH SO MUCH HAS BEEN SAID, AND IN WHICH SO LITTLE HAS BEEN DONE. TO-DAY YOU HEAR OF MR. TILDEN'S UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, AND YOU HEAR MR. GOULD'S OVERHEAD PASSAGE, AND THAT ABOUT ENDS THE NOISE IN THE WORLD MADE BY GRAMERCY SQUARE." "THE DISCOUNTERS OF MONEY"

there Cortlandt Van Duykinck found him and shook his hand, thereby completing the social triangle. There somewhere was the saloon af Dutch Mike where the Mulberry Hill gang and the Dry Dock gang met in the Homeric conflict the outcome of which sent Cork McManus to strange lands west of the Bowery and the adventures narrated in "Past One at Rooney's." There may be found the Second Avenue boarding-house where Miss Conway showed Andy Donovan the locket containing the portrait of her purely imaginary lover ("The Count and the Wedding Day"). Between the Bowery and First Avenue, where the distance between the two streets is the shortest, was the Blue Light Drug Store, where Ikey Schoenstein concocted the love philtre that was to work the downfall of his rival, Chunk Macgowan. In Orchard Street were the rooms of the Give and Take Athletic Association where, as told in "The Coming Out of Maggie," Tony Spinelli played Prince Charming at the ball of the Clover Leaf Social Club under the pseudonym of Terry O'Sullivan; and far ther up on the East Side, over against the elevated portion of the railroad, were the Beersheba Flats, from which the



"THE VON DER RUYSLINGS . . . RECEIVED THE FIRST KEY EVER MADE TO GRAMERCY PARK." "THE DISCOUNTERS OF MONEY"

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variegated tenants were driven forth by official edict to the grass of the park, and "The City of Dreadful Night."

But Fifth Avenue or First, Riverside Drive or Division Street, Broadway or the Bowery, Corlears Hook Park or Gramercy; no matter what the locality or the social scale of its denizens, it is always Bagdad. And with the night comes the glamour that belongs not to Arabia alone. In different masquerade the streets, bazaars, and walled houses of the Occidental city of romance are filled with the same kind of people that interested Haroun-al-Raschud in his golden prime. Clothes may be different, but underneath men and women are unchanged. With the eye of faith the traveller can see the Little Hunchback, Sinbad the Sailor, Fitbad the Tailor, the Beautiful Persian, the one-eyed Calenders, the Barber and his Six Brothers, and Ali Baba and Forty Robbers on every block.

LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY. IV.

The fourth and last installment of Mr. Arthur Page's "Little Pictures of O. Henry" will appear in the October issue. It will deal with O. Henry's later life in New York City, the period of his achievement.

A LIBRARY SERIES

In the October number we shall print the first of a series of library articles from the pen of Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick, of the St. Louis Public Library. This paper will deal with "Books as Room-mates." Later papers in the series will be: "The Art of Browsing," "A Literary Laboratory," "The Boy and the Book," and "Recuperative Bibliography."

THE AMERICAN HUMAN COMEDY

American literature has not yet begotten a Balzac. Among all our novelists there has been none so versatile, so many-sided, so colossal in creative power and tireless productiveness as to sum up in a single series the infinite complexities of our social and political human comedy. Perhaps the extent of territory and variation in customs and ideals are too diverse, too lacking in centralisation, ever to be summed up by any one writer, even though he be a giant of his kind. But it is quite another question, and a very interesting one, to ask whether it would be possible to select from existing American fiction a series of volumes which, in subject matter, serious purpose and quality of workmanship, might stand as a sort of composite American Balzac, a collective Human Comedy of the United States of to-day. Probably no two persons would quite agree as to the volumes entitled to admission to such a group; the very sub-divisions of Balzac's scheme,—Scenes of City Life, Scenes of Country Life, Scenes of Military Life, etc.,—conjure up scores of suggestive titles for candidacy for such a list. The article on this subject, from the pen of Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper, which is to appear in the October issue of the BOOKMAN, *makes no claim to finality of choice. It will simply discuss in a general way the extraordinarily wide range of Balzac's outlook upon life, and point out such volumes as, with due allowance for differences of race and environment, have seemed to the writer to be the more obvious American parallels to "Père Goriot," "César Birotteau," "Cousine Bette," "Eugénie Grandet" and other familiar friends of the Comédie Humaine.*

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UNCHANGING PROBLEMS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

To the superficial observer, it would seem as though the innovations of modern life must have vastly multiplied the opportunities for our makers of fiction. The progress of science, the spread of education, the emancipation of woman, would all seem to unite in shattering the very foundations of the old dispensation and inaugurating the new. In short, there has grown up a sort of popular superstition that not only our modern social structure but our intellectual and emotional life as well has undergone a revolution that is only feebly symbolised by the contrast between the novels, let us say, of Jane Austen and those of Mr. H. G. Wells. All of which, if we take the trouble, to look even slightly beneath the surface, turns out to be nothing but a plausible little fallacy.

The simple truth is that in the face of changing conditions, human nature remains a wonderfully constant quantity. We might, of course, amuse ourselves by conjecturing what angelic qualities might be acquired in the course of a few aeons of time if the human race were endowed with those physiologically impossible wings in which the early Italian masters delighted; or by prophesying the extent to which the right of equal franchise would, after the lapse of a thousand centuries, rob woman of the eternal feminine. But such theorising touches the human life of to-day no more nearly than a computation of the number of stars in the milky way. The man whose present delight is to skim over the state roads at something better than forty miles an hour, may be as genuinely in love with his wife,—or as untrue to her,—as his grandfather who boasted a mare that could trot in two-forty, ever was with his; and the woman who has just walked to the nearest polls and cast her vote, may nurse her child through an attack of croup with as much skill as her grandmother, who sat at home and did tatting. The advent of the flying-machine may complicate the law of trespass and facilitate an elopement from a ninth story window; but it is powerless to unsettle the basic principles of common law, or modify the pulse-beats of the human heart.

These ideas, which as a matter of fact, have no more originality than the current fiction which suggested them, are peculiarly apposite in connection with the present month's instalment of books. At first sight they appear peculiarly modern, dealing with problems born of conditions which simply did not exist a few generations ago. There is, for instance, the problem of incompatibility due to the wealth of the wife and poverty of the husband,—a situation that could not have arisen in the days when a married woman had no property rights at all. Then again, there is the situation of a young couple, otherwise happily mated, whose special apple of discord is professional jealousy, because they are both following the same calling, and the wife happens to be the more successful of the two. This also was an impossible situation in the days when the housewife's time was divided between the spinning-wheel and the kitchen fire. Then again, there are a couple of books which by sheer accident form companion pictures, each of them the story of a married couple, the embers of whose burnt-out illusions are dependent on the precarious health of a feeble child. These volumes are exceptionally mod-

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ern in spirit, full of a disastrous knowledge of diseased nerves and strange maladies. The characters, one and all, curiously torture themselves and each other by forever listening to hear themselves think and keeping a probing finger ruthlessly pressed upon the pulse of their emotions. This sort of psychological vivisection would have been unthinkable in those simpler days when the wholesome round of duties left no time for morbid introspection. And still another book handles the problem of courage to grasp the modern opportunity. In these days of territorial expansion is it the first duty of sons and daughters to dedicate their lives to conserving the old order of things by remaining within the little narrow circle to which they were born, slaves to tradition, or have they the right to seize the chance that offers itself, even though it takes them to the ends of the earth, leaving behind them parents and friends and all the inherited customs in which they were nurtured?

Ultra-modern all these themes sound, do they not? And yet it takes such a very little probing to discover that the modernism is all surface trappings, a thin veneer overlaid upon problems and emotions that, if not as old as the human race, at least date as far back as the art of story-telling. Many a woman was born with a miserly instinct before the world dreamed of passing a Married Woman's Property Act; and many a couple have been estranged, because the husband discovered his wife's besetting sin and told her of it, and the chief sting lay in the fact that the wife knew the charge was true. Many a man with a mean nature was envious of his wife, before the days of women doctors and lawyers and journalists; the specific cause of rivalry is a mere detail,—the essence of the situation hinges upon wounded masculine vanity; and to a certain type of nature it is equally unpardonable for a wife to outshine her husband, whether she does it socially or professionally,—equally galling to be known as "pretty Mrs. Smith's husband," or to hear it said, "I think he is a physician; anyhow his wife is the famous Dr. Clara Jones." And, to take up the third type of novel above mentioned, all the metaphysics and neuropathic psychology in the world will not modernise the situation of a man and woman essentially uncongenial and held together only by the fragile bond of a child's life. The mere ability to diagnose the child's state of nerves and their own does not in any way alter the sum total of their anguish when the hour of the child's death is rung.

Now, it is no reproach to the novels of to-day that their modernity is less than skin-deep, for, after all, modernity is a matter of the passing hour; the things that really count are those that were modern in the time of Shakespeare, are modern to-day, and will still be modern for centuries to come. It is well that the novels of to-day should wear the outward trapping of their decade, just as it is well that you and I should follow the season's fashions in the curve of our hat-brim and cut of our coat. But let us remember that modernism in fiction is not in itself a merit; at most, it is simply a matter of course. The novel of to-day which lacks it is an eccentricity, an anachronism, like a man who insists upon wearing a hat made on the model of 1860. Those of us whose memories of the theatre go back sufficiently far have had the experience of seeing some old-time favourite play revived after a lapse of two score years or so. Well, when the play in question was originally produced, it was a picture of contemporary life; now, after the lapse of forty years, it has been converted into a "costume play"; hats, gowns, the way of dressing the hair, have all become odd, unfamiliar, antiquated. Well, this is precisely what happens in a few years to the most modern of novels, they so speedily become what for the lack of a better term, we may call "costume novels," definitely labelled as belonging to a bygone year. For the passing hour, a murder achieved by the agency of radium or a germ culture has a more potent appeal than that of the time honoured deadly potion of

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the Borgias; but in a generation more, it is an even wager that the latter will be the fresher, less hackneyed method of the two. The enduring properties of the craftsman of fiction are dateless.

"EVER AFTER"

Ever After, by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, is the volume already alluded to as a study of the trouble growing out of a wife's independent fortune. Lucy Cuyler is a girl handicapped by the inheritance of an income many times greater than any reasonable young woman could devise methods of spending. And along with it she has inherited a spirit of saving that amounts to a vice. She will spend freely when her sympathies are touched, but will grudge the needless outlay of a single penny. She will buy a lame and decrepit old horse, to save it from a few years of misery, but will walk a mile to avoid spending a car-fare. She is persuaded into founding a summer colony of a Bohemian sort, for the benefit of needy artists, musicians and authors, and then decides to spend the summer there herself,—chiefly, the reader suspects, because it will cost her nothing. In this colony she meets Dana Malone, happy-go-lucky Irishman and born musician, who loves her at first sight, not knowing she is an heiress, and later on marries her in spite of her money, assuming, cheerful optimist that he is, that wealth is no obstacle where love exists, and that Lucy will be as glad to give as he will to accept. But before the honeymoon has begun to wane Dana has caught glimpses of Lucy's ruling passion. With the cheque-book in his possession, he proceeds to spend money with the recklessness of one long habituated to throwing away his last dollar with a smiling face; while Lucy, taught from her cradle that it is a sin to spend more than a tenth of her income, suffers untold agonies over the generous deeds done in spite of her with her own money. To an unbiased reader, the author's attitude seems decidedly unfair; it is distinctly over partial to the man. For a husband of only a few weeks' standing to settle down contentedly on his wife's money, take possession of it, fling it away like water on his personal hobbies, buy back his birth-place, adopt a homeless waif who happens to be a musical genius,—and all this without so much as saying, by your leave, to his wife, is frankly inexcusable, no matter how happy-go-lucky and how Irish he may chance to be. The quarrels and estrangement that follow are inevitable, and in spite of the author's best efforts to alienate sympathy from Lucy, one feels that she had ample cause for resentment. But in any case the situation had only one logical outcome, namely, Dana's decision that, in order to maintain his self-respect he must find a way of earning his own living, and that until he can establish a home and maintain it by his own exertions, he has no right to ask his wife to come back to him. But at this point the author seems to have realised that she has led her characters into a rather hopeless *impasse.* The couple have separated, and Dana has refused to live with Lucy until he can earn an income which, for a man of his Bohemian instability and artistic shiftlessness it is simply an impossibility ever to earn. So, to extricate them from the dilemma, the author has hit upon the ingenious compromise of having Lucy draw up a deed transferring her whole fortune to Dana, whose sensitive pride sees no objection to accepting his wife's fortune, as soon as a seal and a little red tape maintain the neat litle fiction that it is his own. According to the suggestive title, the young couple are supposed to live happily ever after: but the perspicuous reader knows better. Dana is never going to outlive his reckless generosity, and yet never going to be quite happy in spending the money that after all belongs to Lucy; while she, for her part, will retain to her dying day the inborn instinct of thrift, and will suffer untold pangs, even though she learns to conceal them, for every elusive dollar that might have been saved. Happiness of

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the "ever after" kind needs to be based upon firmer foundations.

"HELENA BRETT'S CAREER"

Professional jealousy between husband and wife is portrayed with considerable cleverness by Desmond Coke, in a volume entitled *Helena Brett's Career*. In Hubert Brett, the husband of Helena, we have one more portrayal of the so-called artistic temperament, done this time with an incisive irony that approaches the verge of caricature, but is saved through the multitude of little touches that are unmistakably drawn straight from life. Brett is the author of half a dozen novels, none of which has achieved a genuine popularity, while the majority have been damned with the faint praise of a *succes d'estime*. Incidentally, he is a master of the art of self-advertisement: his literary methods, his working hours, his favourite books, the surroundings of the sanctum in which his immortal productions are evolved,—all this and more of the same sort are given forth with becoming modesty as items for the literary brevities of the daily papers. Even his marriage with Helena, the simple, untutored product of an English village, appeals to him chiefly as another opportunity for seeing his name in print, and he is deeply offended to find that none of the wedding notices mentions the fact that he is an author or gives the names of his novels. Well, after the marriage the young couple enter upon the inevitable period of mutual readjustment, only in their case it is a rather harder process than usual. Brett is a confirmed bachelor in habits; he has posed so long, and cultivated little eccentricities so diligently that they have ceased to be affectations and have become necessities. Through fooling the public, he has ended by fooling himself. Helena soon finds that her chief duty in life is to foresee the trend of his difficult and changeable humour; she must coax him in the morning away from the breakfast table to his study,—otherwise he will waste the morning over his coffee and newspaper, and it will be her fault. But, on the other hand, she must not hurry him or be too obvious in her diplomacy, for that would ruffle his temper and drive all his ideas out of his head. And once in his den, he must be guarded against the remotest possibility of interruption; no domestic tragedy is of sufficient magnitude to justify her in intruding upon him. Now, this neat little scheme for obtaining a wife, a worshipper and a household drudge all in one would have worked well if Helena had chanced to be the meek, unenlightened little country mouse that Brett believed he was marrying. But, instead, she is a remarkable personality lying dormant and waiting only for an opportunity to awaken and fulfil her natural destiny. At first she takes her husband very seriously, humours all his whims, believes that genius is burning when as a matter of fact he is quietly napping over a magazine article, and diligently tries to train herself to understand the artistic temperament and live up to its demands. It is not until Brett throws aside his literary ideals and deliberately undertakes to write a cheap and sensational "best seller" that the scales wholly fall from her eyes,—not until then that she takes refuge from her disappointment, her loneliness, her lost ideals, in a sort of intimate diary into which she pours out, not the actual facts of her own life, but a sort of fictional version of them, an exaggeration of her own personality and his. And, little by little, as the journal progresses, she finds herself elaborating the fiction side, creating imaginary characters that come to life and insist upon asserting their own individualities and writing the story to suit themselves. In short, without knowing it she has developed the true creative gift. And when the story is published anonymously, without her husband's knowledge, the public is quick to recognise real genius, and she achieves at one bound a success both literary and financial such as poor Brett himself will never even remotely approach. Unfortunately the book has been cleverly and widely advertised as the genuine confes-

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sions of a novelist's wife, and it represents the husband as a model of blind, unthinking egotism. Curiosity is rife over the identity of the author in question, and when the public press is filled with random guesses and letters of denial are pouring in from scores of indignant authors, some one betrays the secret, and Hubert Brett for once in his life receives more newspaper notoriety than he desires. His mortification, his rage, his blind resentment against his wife are more easily imagined than described,—and as a crowning touch to his humiliation, his "best seller" proves to be an utter failure, while Helena receives the offer of a thousand pounds in advance for the rights to her second novel. Just how the breach caused by professional jealousy is healed may be left for the reader to discover for himself. But at least it will do no harm to say in conclusion that the title contains, perhaps unintentionally, the finest touch of irony in this distinctly ironical little volume.

"JAMES HURD"

It is ten years since an unpretending volume bearing the non-committal title of *Voysey* and the unknown signature of R. O. Prowse drifted into the hands of the present reviewer, was opened with a desultory curiosity, and promptly awakened a deep and lasting admiration. Since that time, it has occasionally happened that the mention of the name *Voysey* in a miscellaneous gathering of persons more or less conversant with books has unexpectedly struck an answering spark of appreciation. From the publisher's standpoint, *Voysey* was undoubtedly a failure, so far as the American public was concerned, but none the less there exists a small and select little group, the members of which for the most part are unaware of one another's existence, but whose common tie is an unwavering cult of *Voysey*. What other books have come from the same pen, the present writer does not know; but none has found an American publisher until the present season, when in the same unheralded way, *James Hurd* has made its appearance. It is easy to understand why this new volume has small chance of popularity. It is too sombre, too unsparing, too remorselessly grim. It has the prevailing leaden greyness of Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale,* without the latter's breadth of canvas and sense of dim distances. It is hard reading, too, with its veiled suggestiveness, its vague hints of lurking mystery and unspoken heart-aches. One might safely hazard a guess that R. O. Prowse has gone to school rather faithfully to Henry James,—the later Henry James, of the *Golden Bowl* and *Awkward Age* period. And yet, in spite of vagueness and mannerism, there is no escape from the swift and sure recognition that here is a work of exceptional quality, a work of sterling, even if somewhat self-willed and undisciplined genius. The theme may be summed up in a score of words: James Hurd and his wife are living in a waking nightmare. To all appearances, they were peculiarly blessed with the good things of life; they had their mutual love, an abundance of material prosperity, and the crowning joy of one child, a little boy. And then, suddenly, at the age of five, the boy met with an accident: and two years later, when the intimate friend of the family who tells the story, visits their country home, he has the impression of walking on a smouldering volcano of unguessed suffering. The child is not well, and according to the doctors, he never will be well again. Not that his affliction has taken any visible, tangible, outward form, any obvious malformation to which surgery could give a name. But he is unmistakably abnormal, uncanny, with a sly, malignant gleam in his eyes that surreptitiously peeps out in odd flashes. It is this hint of dormant insanity, foreshadowed by fits of ungovernable rage, and more especially of morbid resentment toward the mother, that gives to the whole house the sense of an avenging nemesis ready to strike without warning. It is a cruel book, a haunting book, one that you al-

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most hate the author for having written, and yet one that, having read it, you would not blot out from your memory, even if you could.

"DYING FIRES"

Another strong yet depressing book, picturing the influence exerted on a married couple by the brief existence of one little child, is *Dying Fires,* by Alan Monkhouse. Richard Peel marries Letitia Drayton for the same odd assortment of motives that, so the author wishes us to believe, enter into a substantial majority of present-day marriages. Peel has no desire to marry, he is well content with his bachelor freedom. But his friend, Morice, has a good deal to say on the subject, all of which sinks in and bears fruit; and then, Letty is certainly an attractive young woman, and it might be pleasant to have a cozy fireside to come home to, and a pretty face to welcome one on arrival. So they are married, and for a few brief months passion flames up and masquerades as love. Then comes Jim, the only child, idolised by both parents, the embers of whose ardour kindle to a renewed warmth in the genuine glow of their love for him. But after a few brief years Jim dies, and no other child is born to take his place. And at this point the real strength of the story begins to show itself. It is a minute, insistent, unsparing portrayal of the dead monotony of married life after the fire has died out, the hopeless deadening of sensibilities as a result of endless days of companionship devoid of affection. Just once in all these loveless years Letitia experiences a brief awakening; her husband's friend, Morice, has secretly loved her from the first, asking nothing, giving no hint of his own feelings. But there comes a time when his pity for the grey hopelessness of her life gets the better of his sense of honour, and he offers his life to her, to do with it as she pleases. The woman is sorely tempted; social conventions do not hold her back, she is beyond all that; furthermore, her husband, knowing by some clairvoyant instinct what her temptation is, does not raise a finger to hinder her, his heart is too numb to care. And yet when the time comes, she decides to stay instead of going; and the only way that she can explain her decision is on the ground of sheer force of habit. She has lived so long in a rut, the very surroundings, the never-to-be-forgotten shadow of little Jim's death, have all united to weave an invisible net of custom that her will is not strong enough to break. Altogether, a book of rare strength, but wrapped in a thick mantle of gloom.

"THE FEAR OF LIVING"

It is twelve years since Henry Bordeaux compelled French critics to take him long by the production of his first serious novel, *The Fear of Living.* It is now translated for the first time, and the only wonder is that some one did not think it worth while to give it an English raiment much sooner. The theme of the story is the brave martyrdom of a middle-aged widow who, from a happy wife and mother of seven children, has seen her family circle shrink year by year, her husband taken from her in the height of his professional career as an honoured country doctor, her fortune sacrificed to tide over the financial blunders and disgrace of a foolish brother-in-law, and her sons, one by one, emigrating to profitable business ventures in the far East or entering upon valiant service in the army. This unselfish spirit, insisting that her sons and daughters should bravely grasp the opportunities that life held out, regardless of the heart-ache of separation, the wrench of uprooting all the ties that bind them to the soil of their native village, is held up in contrast to the monumental selfishness of another mother, whose ruling passion is to arrange her children's destinies to suit her own pleasure, to insist that they should enter upon vocations for which they had no taste and marry where they felt no love, in order to remain and stagnate safely within the narrow family circle. The

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book is extremely French in its views of family life and domestic conventions; but it is abundantly imbued with blended humour and pathos, and its philosophy of life is eminently sane and wholesome.

"APRIL PANHAZARD"

April Panhazard, by Muriel Hine, is a blythesome little volume, whose chief fault is due to the fact that the author did not know enough of her art to be aware when she had reached a logical stopping point, and so maundered on aimlessly for about five chapters too much. The bizarre title is taken from the fictitious name adopted on the spur of the moment by the heroine who wished temporarily to bury herself alive in an isolated little village, to escape the unpleasant notoriety thrust upon any Englishwoman who dares to defy custom and divorce her husband. The law gives "April Panhazard" six months in which to think better of her rash resolve, after which, if she still wishes it, the decree will become absolute. The story hovers lightly on the borderline of farce comedy, drops into melodrama once or twice, shifts suddenly into grim tragedy, and ends comfortably with a love match and the distant tinkle of wedding bells. It is an admirable example of the summer-time hammock novel, and rather above the average of its type.

"SUNIA AND OTHER TALES"

Maud Diver is already known as a new-comer in the special field that Kipling once on a time claimed as his own; but, unless memory is at fault, this is her first published volume of short stories. They average excellently well; there is the pervading sense of deadly heat, the feverish social gaiety and reckless abandon that we remember so well from the early *Plain Tales,* and there is the familiar background of the summer refuge of Simla and other hill stations. To discriminate, where one and all of these stories are distinctly good, would be ungracious; but since space forbids a detailed comment on all, we may take at random the one entitled "When Beauty Fades." It is a cruel little story, picturing a foolish little woman who for forty-five years has defied the ravages of time. And all the while, her staid, elderly, hard-working husband has waited patiently, loving her with the fidelity of a dumb animal, watching her mad pursuit of feverish pleasures and silly flirtations, and biding his time,—the time when she will awaken to the bitter knowledge that she is old, and will turn to him for refuge and comfort. It would be a mistake to spoil an admirable bit of art by further analysis. But it is distinctly a story to read; it is easily worth the price of the whole volume.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

"SOME LETTERS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY"*

"My luncheon, consisting of a sandwich and a drink, usually costs ten cents, unless I frequent a free-lunch counter, when it costs five. Since looking at the expanse of cheek in the picture which you send (and for which I thank you kindly) I have about resolved to intermit lunches for the time being. If this sounds too Spartan, remember that a great deal of nourishment can be bought between Washington Square and Central Park, if you still feel atrophied after lunching with me. For dinner I pay (including tip) from sixty to eighty-five cents, except on rare occasions when I feel proud and sassy—on which occasions I sometimes reach the dizzy and disastrous peak of a dollar ten."

Thus writes a real poet of real life, putting to shame the joyous imaginings

*Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

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of O. Henry and the fictive Bohemianism of Mr. Alfred Noyes's Mermaid Taverners. It is a light hearted bit from a letter of the late William Vaughn Moody, written in the days of his early struggle and reprinted in a small volume that has a genuine charm. Particularly in the first years spanned by this slender collection, Moody was, by the evidence of his correspondence, a man of exuberant spirit, of lively fancy and alert interest in all kinds of life. That there was more than one side to his nature may be guessed from his plays; but his first fame was as a poet of profoundly serious intention. There is nothing in *The Masque of Judgment,* for instance, to suggest that its author was capable of this amusing doggerel:

"Gutters sing.
Is it spring?
Does old winter
Now beginter
Quit?
Nit!
Long time yet,
You bet,
Ere G. S.
Comes to bless
Us, I guess
Yes."

"These 'Thoughts on a Thaw' I think of submitting as my contribution to the next edition of *The Poets of Indiana,* an Anthology; just published by Macmillan. At present I'm not represented, but I'll force them to recognise me yet."

It is indeed a slight and not very impressive memorial, this slender collection of letters to a few friends. It renews the regret that must be felt at Moody's too early death by emphasising, in spite of the light tone of most of the letters, the straitened intellectual life he must have led through most of his productive years. Writing from Chicago, where he held an instructorship in the University, he bewails more than once the uninspiring "Western heartiness and uniflexity" of that metropolis. Though Western born, he turned to the East as his home. He writes from New York in 1898:

If I mistake not, my lines are apt to be cast in these places permanently in the not distant future, and I have a good chance now to make some acquaintances and learn the ropes of New York life against that desirable time. I have already met a number of capital chaps here at the Players, where Carpenter has kindly set me down—chiefly playwrights, not very big ones, I suspect, but full of enthusiasm and practical expedient. The great thing about them is that they get their things played, and that sort of thing, begad, begins to appeal to me. Do not believe me quite recreant to ideals; Cambridge and her elegiac air seems still lovely and of good report. But these chaps here, though very moderately elegiac and of a dubious report, are splendidly American and contemporary; and I feel convinced that this is the place for young Americans who want to do something. (N.B.—I have not enlisted in the marine.)

That Moody was a maker of phrases is as easily discernible from these letters as from his published work. There is an amusingly inconsequential catalogue of observations in an extract from a letter addressed to a fellow-craftsman, Miss Josephine Preston Peabody:

Mr. Ruskin would not be happy in Chicago. God is a very considerable personage—So is Mr. Rockefeller—So am I, but for a different reason. Towers of Babel are out of fashion. Ride a Rambler. Four-fifths of William Blake would not be accepted for publication by the *Harvard Advocate.* Life at a penny plain is d——d dear. Eat H. O. The poet in a golden clime was born, but moved away early. A man may yearn over his little brothers and sisters and still be a good Laodicean. Art is not long, but it takes a good while to make it short. There will be no opera or steel engraving in the twentieth century. An angleworm makes no better bait because it has fed on Cæsar. Wood fires are dangerous. So is life at a penny plain, but for a different reason. Towers of Babel, though out of fashion, are well received in Chicago. There were no birds in the Tower of Babel. God is a very considerable personage—So is Olga Nethersole—So are you, but for a different reason. I am owner of

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the spheres, and grow land-poor. Literature is a fake and Nordau is its prophet. God bless McKinley. Love is not Time's fool: he was turned off for lack of wit. Eve was born before Ann Radcliffe, so the world goes darkling. Tom's a cold. I am old-rose, quoth'a. God's pittykins 'ield ye, zany, for thy apple-greenness! 'T would gi' the Ding-an-Sich a colic to set eyes on 'e. Natherless Monet was a good painter, and colour-blind."

Ward Clark.

II

Edwin Björkman's "Voices of Tomorrow"*

These Voices in the Wilderness, tested and selected by Edwin Björkman, make up an interesting and a stimulating choir: Strindberg, and Björnstjerne Björnson; Selma Lageröf; Francis Grierson, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Henri Bergson linked respectively as Prophet, Poet, and Philosopher of "The New Mysticism"; Gissing, and Conrad; Robert Herrick, and Edith Wharton. It is a book close packed with personality and personalities, illuminating lines and probing interpretations.

One cannot read Mr. Björkman's thoughtful and sympathetc study of the true colour of August Strindberg's soul through a detailed analysis of the man's contradictions and bitter loneliness without feeling a decided access of tolerant comprehension of Strindberg's work that is too often dismissed as stuff made up of hate and bias and heavy prejudice. "Personally," writes Mr. Björkman, "I believe that he never wrote a line that did not contain something of truth in it. But I believe also that frequently he mistook *a* truth for *the* truth. At heart he was, I think, an incurable sentimentalist, and, like all true sentimentalists, he was, on the surface, all contradiction, all conflict, all vain struggle to reach a point of equilibrium where the million paradoxes of life should become resolved into a single absolute truth. His reason was clear and more comprehensive than that of most men; yet it was insufficient for the adequate control of the emotional pressure from within. His reason furnished a channel for his every expression. It was the main outlet of all his activity as man and artist. Where another man might have been stirred into murder he was moved into merciless "analysis of his own and other people's soul states. But his motives were always rooted below his head, so to speak."

And again, at the end of the study: "In more respects than one he was comparable to one of those loud-voiced and sharp-tongued old Hebrew prophets, whose temper and language he seemed to share in equal degree. Once he was named by a critic the artistic conscience of his country. But as I see him, he shared with Ibsen and Tolstoi the soul-saddening task of being the spiritual conscience of the entire period to which he belonged—a period which we have outlived, but whose lessons we have still to master."

Also the analysis of Strindberg's attitude to women in this study should not be passed by, if the layman is interested in understanding at once *The Father, Countess Julie,* and *The Creditor.*

The Gissing study coincides acutely here and there with the analysis of Strindberg. It is full of poignant detail of a brave and piteous life—there are two or three pages of details of Gissing's poverty-ridden life that make Poverty seem something that is blind and stupid and heavy and alive, that can be and ought to be killed. Gissing, too, saw life as something ineffably sad: "Art," said he, "nowadays, must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life." Yet he was braver than Strindberg, less personal in his point of view, less resentful against a state of environment that, he admitted calmly, he at least could not change.

Robert Herrick has two reviews given his work, one an earlier criticism, the other written for this volume. Herrick, too, according to Mr. Björkman, is a mystic, but a disgruntled mystic, a pessimist without hope; not, as Grierson is called elsewhere, a practical pessimist. Mr. Björkman sees in *The Healer,* "the

*Voices of Tomorrow. By Edwin Björkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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book of a man who has grown tired of aiming at the unattainable. It is an apotheosis of spiritual faint-heartedness, one might say, with not a trace left of any straining toward those sunlit heights that were so nearly reached in the previous book. Strindberg's eager acceptance of conflict as life's main attraction is wholly foreign to him." Herrick's attitude to women receives, too, its large analysis.

But the illuminating chapter of the book is that one called The New Mysticism; the triple study of Grierson, its Prophet; Maeterlinck, its Poet; and Bergson, its Philosopher.

The personal story of Francis Grierson is charmingly told, particularly for those readers to whom his name has been something remote, foreign, impersonal. He, too, knew Lincoln. And he, too, is a pessimist, but his critic has this to say of that "practical pessimism": "In the end it amounts to this: that he sees life as a striving and not a holding, as a journey and not an arrival. To him the fatuous optimism of the early eighteenth century, for instance, meant nothing but a belief that some day life will reach a final equillibrium; while that 'modern melancholy' with its 'natural gesture of disillusionment' to which he sometimes refers as 'practical pessimism,' means a realisation, on the part both of the individual and the race, that eternal disharmony is the price which must be paid for eternal progress."

Maeterlinck's most significant contribution to the New Mysticism is held to be "the intimate connection he has established between certain mysterious powers within ourselves, and certain equally mysterious powers on the outside. What he shows—or tries to show—is that these two sets of powers are at the bottom identical. The fear with which man has regarded fate tends thus to change into happy faith—and in dealing with life, destiny, providence, man begins to feel at last as if he were dealing with another self." Toward mankind, says Maeterlinck's present interpreter, Maeterlinck holds not only a vast tolerance, but an unshakable confidence. "One reason for his power over our time is his untiring effort to turn us in childlike wonder toward that ocean of dumb life out of which we have risen into unique articulateness. Like Bergson, he wants to teach us how to soften the noise made by our reasons in order that we may catch the unspoken messages passing from the rest of life into our instincts and intuitions. But to do so we must cultivate the simplicity of spirit that sends him out to watch his beloved bees in the early morn of every day, and that helps him to define the new mysticism he feels coming as 'nothing more than a knowledge of self that has far overstepped the ordinary limits of consciousness.'"

The third study of the trilogy makes straight for the heart of the French philosopher's attitude toward the riddle of life, and presents it within the range of a score of pages—this new philosopher who, says Mr. Björkman, is "quoted as their spiritual authority by the leaders of the Syndacalist labour movement in France and by the young Tory Democrats of England, by the Modernist reformers within the Catholic Church and by those audacious iconoclasts who, as Post-Impressionists, are startling the world with a new art form."

The whole effect of this volume of studies of personalities so diverse expressing themselves in work so unlike in form, so near in their separate sensings of the new spirit, tends to fix—if that word may be used in this connection—the concept of the eternal flux of life; the realisation that when we have arrived at the ultimate solution of life, it is not there, nor ever will be.

Baldwin Macy.

III

George Macaulay Trevelyan's "The Life of John Bright"*

"The symbol of the honest man in politics" is the phrase which Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan applies to John Bright. It is as good a phrase as any,

*The Life of John Bright. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

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though perhaps it is slightly tinged with aggressiveness. A man may be at once honest and tactful. "Only a deep and tender humanity of disposition," Mr. Trevelyan adds, "could make so strict a truth-teller a tolerable member of society." In this biography—the final authority, perhaps, so far as any biography can be final—he is able to convey to the reader at least an inkling of the lovable qualities which underlay Bright's sturdy and uncompromising adherence to his convictions. He was, by general acknowledgment, the greatest orator of his time. His chief rival was Gladstone; and Gladstone, though he had the peculiar persuasiveness which for the moment could convince the hearer against his will, could not leave that permanent impress upon mind and conscience which Bright left. It is idle to seek in manner or in matter the secret of Bright's success. His simple but majestic style does not explain it, nor the merit of his cause. There was something in the man which drew hearts to him. "My life is in my speeches," he once remarked. They reveal him as nothing else could. Mr. Trevelyan does well to include so many important passages from them in this volume.

We are apt in these days to think of John Bright as a great Radical. He stood for free trade at a time when conservatism opposed it. He made himself the mouthpiece of a class politically unrepresented; he felt that he was the especial representative of the working classes. Yet as a manufacturer he fought many things that the "uplifters" of to-day would consider essential—the regulation of the hours of labour for adults among them. There was a strain of hardness in his character—Mr. Trevelyan calls it the Old Testament strain—which one might expect from his sympathy with the *laisser faire* doctrines of the Manchester school. It would not be accurate to say that he lacked imagination; but his imaginative powers were circumscribed by his environment and by his religious and political principles. He could never have played the part that Disraeli, for example, played; or even that of Gladstone. There is a curious story in this volume of the effort made by Disraeli, just after the death of Peel, to get Bright, Cobden and their friends to join him in an attractive programme of reform; nor could he understand Bright's reluctance to do anything so inconsistent. "A man of genius and power," he insisted, "may do anything with a large constituency." But Bright was not Disraeli; and even if he could have persuaded to a change in his political relations, he could never have carried it off with the jaunty assurance essential to an adventurer in this kind.

Perhaps Bright's greatest work was his fight for the repeal of the Corn laws. He was not a constructive statesman; his experience of official life was brief and not especially happy. But as the advocate of a great cause he was unexcelled. He was heard, not merely because it was a pleasure to hear him, but because his sincerity was not to be doubted. There were those who wondered at his opposition to Home Rule; but none who knew him could have expected anything else. To him the Irish Nationalists were "rebels"; nor could he forget the rights of "loyal Ulster." His sympathy with the North during our Civil War is equally explicable; it was an inevitable consequence of his position and character. Mr. Trevelyan is no hero-worshipper; he does not hesitate to touch on Bright's faults; but he brings out the sterling character of the man with admirable lucidity. His work is valuable, too, because it gives a vivid view of the background of events through which the Quaker statesman moved. There are interesting portraits in the volume, and some reproductions of cartoons from *Punch* bearing on Bright's activities.

Edward Fuller.

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EPICURES IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

SOME of the novelists—Thackeray and Dickens, for instance—thrust their personal attitude toward the pleasures of feasting and the sequence of sauces directly upon the passive reader. Others gently insinuate their knowledgeful epicureanism through their characters, and, as in life, there are a thousand hearty, pleased eaters to one epicure. But epicures wander through fiction, sometime with no more detailed atmosphere than the epicure's aura itself—as Dr. Middleton in *The Egoist,* who knew wines. Others bubble with the secrets of their delicate feastings, and gormandise verbally for the delectation of the enhungered reader.

Emerson Hough, in *The Mississippi Bubble,* has a hero who knew a mint julep. He had just met Colonel Blount of the Old South, and introduces himself as follows:

"Well, Colonel Blount, in our family we used to have an old silver mug—sort of plain mug, you know, few flowers round the edge of it—been in the family for years. Now you take a mug like that, and let it lie in the ice-box all the time, and when you take it out, it's got a sort of white frost all over it. Now my old daddy he would take this mug and put some fine ice into it—not too fine. Then he'd take a little loaf sugar in another glass, and he'd mash it up in a little water—not too much water—then he'd pour that over the ice. Then he would pour some good corn whiskey in till all the interstices of that ice were filled plumb up; then he'd put some mint——"

"Didn't smash the mint? Say, he didn't smash the mint, did he?" said Colonel Blount, eagerly, hitching over toward the speaker.

"Smash it? I should say not, sir! Sometime, at certain seasons of the year, he might just sort of take a twist at the leaf, to sort of release a little of the flavour you know. You don't want to be rough with mint. Just twist it gently between the thumb and finger. Then you set it nicely round the edge of the glass. Sometimes just a little powder of fine sugar round on top of the mint leaves, and then——"

"Sir," said Colonel Blount, gravely, rising and taking off his hat, "you are welcome to my home!"

Most self-revelation is sublimated fiction, so Mary Maclane's choice of relishes—if we are making up a menu according to the heroes and heroines—will not be barred. Mary Maclane loved olives, and she tells us how to eat them:

"I take the olive in my fingers and I contemplate its green oval richness. I set my teeth and my tongue upon the olive and bite it. It is bitter, salt, delicious. The saliva rushes to meet it, and my tongue is a happy tongue. As the morsel of olive rests in my mouth and is crunched and squeezed lusciously among my teeth, a quick, temporary change takes place in my character—'Oh, dear, sweet, bitter olive!' I say to myself."

And on and on for a chapter on the olive. Also Mary worshipped at the incensed shrine of young green onions from California. Marie Bashkirtsef tells us that "the incomparable commencement of a dinner is a cup of broth, a hot calatch, and some fresh caviar." "Calatch" is a species of bread, but one must go to Moscow to eat it.

Thackeray, or his minor heroes, on soups is interesting authority. The choice may be Mirobalant's own for Blanche: "a little potage á la reine, as white as her own tint, and compounded of the most fragrant cream and almonds. Or a clear stock made by the nonchalantly extravagant recipe of Cavalcadour, the pupil of Mirobalant, who stunned Mrs. Gashliehg with his demand for "a

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leg of beef, a leg of veal, and a ham." In exactness of quantities Jennifer, Peter Stirling's black man, may serve us better with his clean-cut statement concerning his famous soup: "Dar aint nuffin' in dat soup, but a quart o' thick cream, an' de squeezin's of a hun'erd clams."

Thackeray "On Fish" is trustworthy. Likewise dependable is Colonel Carter of Cartersville, who served "fish, boiled, with slices of hard-boiled eggs fringing the dish, ovaled by a hedge of parsley, and supplemented by a pyramid of potatoes with their jackets ragged as tramps.

Here is Colonel Carter's Chad on terrapin:

"Tar-pin jes' like a crab, Major, on'y got mo' meat to 'em. Now dis yer shell is de hot plate an' ye do all yo' eatin' right inside it," said Chad, dropping a spoonful of butter, the juice of a lemon, and a pinch of salt into the dish.

"Now, Major, take up yo' fork an' pick out all dat black meat an' dip it in de sauce, an' wid ebry mou'ful take one o' dem little yaller eggs. Dat's de way *we* eat tar'pin. Dis yer stewin' him up in pote wine is scand'lous. Can't taste nuffin' but de wine. But dar's *tar'pin!*"

And Colonel Carter himself on game cannot be omitted from this symposium. The canvasbacks were brought in, and the Colonel spoke:

"Lay 'em here, Chad, right under my nose. Now hand me that pile of plates sizzlin' hot, and give that carvin' knife a turn or two across the hearth. Major, dip a bit of celery in the salt, and follow it with a mou'ful of claret. It will prepare yo' palate for the kind of food we raise gentlemen on down my way. See that red blood, suh, followin' the knife? There, Major, is the breast of a bird that fo' days ago was divin' for wild celery within fo'ty miles of Carter Hall—Now Chad, the red pepper."

"No jelly, Colonel?" said Fitz, with an eye on the sideboard.

"Jelly? No suh, not a suspicion of it. A pinch of salt and dust of cayenne; then shut yo' eyes and mouth, and don't open them except for a drop of good red wine. It is the salt marsh in the early mawnin' that you are tastin', suh, not molasses candy. You Nawtherners don't really treat a canvas back with any degree of respect. You ought never to come into his presence when he lies in state without takin' off yo' hat."

On the etiquette of the serving of venison Colonel Carter also spoke feelingly:

"Ven'son is diff'nt. That game lives on moose buds, and the soft bark of the sugar-maple, and the tufts of sweet grass. There is propriety and justice in his ending his days smothered in sweets, but the wild duck, suh, is bawn of the salt ice, braves the storm, and lives a life of pey'il and hardship. You don't degrade an oyster, a soft-shell crab, or a clam with confectionery. Why a canvasback duck?"

One might well cook quail as the Frederick Carrols of Jesse Lynch Williams cooked theirs, "encased in an envelope of oiled paper to retain the flavour and juices." And an interesting course prepared by your own recipe could be tagged "Frawgs' laigs à la Delmonico" à la *The Virginian*.

Poor Cousin Pons ate good food with Cibot, prepared by Madame Cibot; a ragout, for instance, "made of scraps of boiled beef bought at a cook shop and fricasseed in butter with onions cut in fine strips until the butter was wholly absorbed by the meat and onions and had the appearance of something fried. Other days there were odds and ends of chicken sauté, or a fish cooked in a sauce of Madame Cibot's own invention in which a mother might have eaten her children without perceiving it."

In "Au Soleil" Maupassant gives a verbatim recipe for a dish not half bad to try as a gastronomic or literary experiment. Says he:

It is made of chicken or mutton. After cutting the meat into cubes, it is fried in a little butter. Then take hot water (I should think broth would improve it) and add a large quantity of red pepper, a dash of pi-

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miento, pepper and salt, onions, dates and dried apricots, and boil these until the fruit is quite soft, when it is poured over the meat. It is simply delicious.

In *Virgin Soil* the Subotcheffs had "fowl roasted on a spit with saffron," that is distinctively foreign to Anglo-Saxon cookery, and is smoothly savoury.

Or, to go back to Mirobalant, his method of serving roast lamb may be filched for quaint, modern use, "laid in a little meadow of spinaches, surrounded with croustillons representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers," finished the passionate lover, Mirobalant.

As for salads, Turgenev hints darkly many times of the varied content of Russian salads. George Horton, in *The Long Straight Road,* that novel of mediocre American life, discusses the amount of vinegar and oil due an American potato salad, and cites this detail of a Crissey Sunday dinner:

"What's this," asked Crissey, as Lena brought on something in small dishes. Oranges?"

"Taste it and see how you like it," replied his wife. "It's orange salad. I got the recipe out of this morning's paper. How do you like it, Miss Aikin?"

It was one of those abominable dishes which we Americans perpetrate under the absurd name of salad—in the present instance, sliced oranges, lettuce, peanuts, and garlic, with olive oil.

"As for me," commented Crissey, in a judicial manner, "I prefer my lettuce in a Christian manner, with vinegar and sugar."

George Ellwanger's *The Story of My House* contains full directions for "A Blue Violet Salad" that might be quoted here:

There was a great bunch of double violets on the table, the lovely dark variety (*Viola odoratissima flore pleno*) with their short stems, freshly plucked from the garden, and the room was scented by their delicious breath.

A bowl of broad-leaved Bavarian endive, blanched to a nicety and alluring as a siren's smile, was placed upon the table. I almost fancied it was smiling at the violets. A blue violet salad by all means! there are violets and to spare.

On a separate dish there was a little minced celery, parsley, and chives. Four heaped salad spoonsful of olive oil were poured upon the herbs, with a dessert spoonful of white wine vinegar, the necessary salt and white pepper, and a tablespoonful of Bordeaux. The petals of two dozen violets were detached from their stems, and two-thirds of them were incorporated with the dressing. The dressing being thoroughly mixed with the endive, the remaining flower petals were sprinkled over the salad and a half dozen whole violets were placed in the centre. The lovely blue sapphires glowed upon the white bosom of the endive!

A wide choice there is of literary desserts. From *Pierre et Jean* may be culled one of "four high dishes, one containing a pyramid of splendid peaches; the second a monumental cake gorged with whipped cream, and covered with pinnacles of sugar, a cathedral in confectionery; the third slices of pineapple floating in clear syrup, and the fourth black grapes brought from the Southland."

Or there is the Christmas pudding from *David Harum,* "of steamed Indian meal and fruit, with a sauce of cream sweetened with maple sugar." Or Owen Wister who has sent *The Virginian's* "Frawgs' laigs à la Delmonico" to deathless fame, can supply the sweet in Lady Baltimore cake.

Lord Henry Wootton, in *The Picture of Dorian Grey,* dallies exquisitely with dessert at the close of a dinner: "He spilt into his plate a little crimson pyramid of seeded strawberries, and through a perforated spoon snowed white sugar upon them."

Then, for the closing note, what better than Hichen's detailed Eastern coffee, made by Hamza for Bella Donna:

There was a saucepan containing water, a brass bowl of freshly roasted and pounded

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coffee, two small, open coffee pots with handles that stuck straight out, two coffee cups, a tiny bowl of powdered sugar, and some paper parcels which held sticks of mastic, ambergris, and seed of cardamon. Hamza poured water from the saucepan into one of the coffee pots, set it on a brazier and sank into a reverie. Presently there came from the pot a murmur, and Hamza took it instantly from the brazier and the bowl of coffee from the ground, let some of the coffee slip into the water, stirred it with a silver spoon, and set the pot once more on the brazier. Then he unfolded the paper which held the ambergris, put a caret weight of it into the second pot and set that too on the brazier. The coffee began to simmer. He lit a stick of mastic, fumigated with its smoke the two little coffee cups, took the coffee pot and gently poured the fragrant coffee into the pot containing the melted ambergris, let it simmer for a moment, then poured it out into the two coffee cups, creaming, and now sending forth with its own warm perfume the enticing perfume of ambergris, added a dash of cardamon seed—

And looked toward Bella Donna to add the sugar.

HENRI FABRE: HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

I

Of the forty million inhabitants of the British Isles, I doubt if four hundred had ever heard of Henri Fabre before the publication of Maeterlinck's essay on *The Insect's Homer*. I certainly was not one of those four hundred; but the essay stimulated me to immediate enquiries. I found that, at the time, the London Entomological Society owned only a part of the volumes forming the *Souvenirs entomologiques;* that there was a complete set at the British Museum and not, as far as I could discover, anywhere else in London; and that a condensed translation of the first volume had been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, in 1901, under the title of *Insect Life*. I thought that it would be a desirable and pleasant task to translate the remainder; and I was preparing to negotiate with Paris for the English and American rights of the whole work, when Messrs. Adam and Charles Black sent for me.

It appeared that this leading firm of publishers had acquired the right to issue an English edition of *La Vie des Insectes,* an illustrated volume of extracts from the *Souvenirs,* which had lately been published in France, and that they wished me to undertake the translation. This "popular" form of publication did not exactly coincide with my views, which contemplated a complete and uniform edition of the whole series of essays, uncurtailed and figuring in their order as written; but the agreement between the French and English publishers was already signed and I accepted the offer of the translation, which received the title of *The Life and Love of the Insect* and appeared in 1911. It was arranged that, if the same house issued the English edition of a second, similar volume, I was to translate this also; and I was a little surprised, early in the following year, to see that Mr. Fisher Unwin was announcing *Social Life in the Insect World,* by Henri Fabre, translated by Bernard Miall. I was also more than a little disappointed, not so much because the work had not fallen to me—for Mr. Miall is one of our very ablest translators and his version was admirably done—but rather because this somewhat scattered method of publication threatened to frustrate my comprehensive plan of a uniform edition. It must be mentioned that the two volumes had also found different publishers in America, where they were issued by

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the Macmillan Company and the Century Company respectively.

I felt that, if the uniform edition was to be saved in both countries, I must take action without delay; and I accordingly entered into direct relations with M. Charles Delagrave, the French publisher of all Henri Fabre's production, who, on the strength of a very generous personal recommendation from M. Maurice Maeterlinck, ended by signing a contract that placed in my hands the sole control of the unpublished material for both England and America. I was now able to plan out my cherished scheme for a uniform edition in the English language of the *Souvenirs entomologiques* and found no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton on this side of the Atlantic and, in New York, with my friends Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, the publishers of the Collected Works of Maurice Maeterlinck. Obviously, as some forty essays had been picked at random from the ten volumes of the *Souvenirs* to form the two books of extracts, my original intention of preserving the chronological order had to be abandoned, as involving too many marked gaps in the sequence of the chapters; and I devised instead a series of volumes each of which would be devoted to a specific order of insects.

The first of these has already appeared, under the title of *The Life of the Spider,* and contains all that the author has written about many different species of spiders, which, although not actually insects, are fully described in the *Souvenirs entomologiques,* as is the Languedocian scorpion, the only scorpion that has come within Fabre's ken. I could speak at great length, if the space at my command allowed me, of the engrossing character presented by my task of translation and also of its technical difficulties, which are immense, to one who, like myself, has had no training nor the least experience as an entomologist. These difficulties would have baffled me to some purpose if I had not been assisted in the first place by Mr. Marmaduke Langdale and afterward by Miss Frances Rodwell and Miss Nora Power, while a young American engineer, Mr. W. S. Graff Baker, and a young English chemist, Mr. Edward Cahen, were of the greatest help to me in elucidating the mathematical and chemical technicalities that occurred in many chapters of this and the other books.

The Life of the Spider will be followed, in the autumn of the present year, by *The Life of the Fly,* which includes all the chapters on the genus *Dipteron* with, interspersed in their order as first published, the ten or eleven purely autobiographical chapters, which may be numbered among the most fascinating contributions of Henri Fabre to the literature of his time. They are inserted here so that the book may be of the same length as the others and also because I considered that Fabre's English and American readers would be well pleased to make the personal acquaintance, so to speak, of their author at this early rather than at a later stage of the publication. The next volume after *The Fly* will be devoted to *The Wild Bee* and will include a chapter on *The Red Ants;* and then, in due course, we shall hope to produce the life-histories of *The Beetle and the Weevil, The Wasp, The Grasshopper, The Butterfly and the Moth, The Bug* and *The Scorpion,* some of which will make two volumes, while some, according to the amount of material at hand, will be collected to form one. Thus I propose that, before many years are over, the reader shall have the whole of the *Souvenirs entomologiques* at his disposal in a definite and permanent English edition issued in a worthy fashion.

II

It is time to turn to Henri Fabre's personality and career. I have never had the advantage of meeting him. Twice within the last ten months—in November, on my way to the Mediterranean, and in April, on my journey

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back to England—I passed within a few miles of his home at Sérignan; but I hesitated to intrude upon the privacy of this great old man, still busily engaged upon his normal activities in his ninetieth year. I, who was wholly incompetent to discuss his special subjects with him on any sort of terms of equality, had no real claim upon his time, his interest or his kindness, save that resting upon my efforts to make him a little better known in England and America, efforts which had evidently brought me their own reward. Every minute given to me would have been a minute stolen from his work, which is the property of mankind.

Nor could Fabre, with his amply-filled but essentially simple life, have told me much about himself that I had not already learned. Fame came late to him, but it came; and with it, two Lives, partly based upon and partly supplementing the autobiographical chapters that will be read shortly—and, I venture to think, eagerly read—in *The Life of the Fly*. These two Lives of J. H. Fabre are in one and two volumes respectively and are from the pens of his friend and disciple, Dr. G. V. Legros, and of his namesake and distant kinsman, M. Augustin Fabre. They tell us how he was born, on the 23rd of December, 1823, at Saint-Léons, a small parish in the canton of Vezins, district of Haut Rouergue, forming part of the ancient province of Guyenne, so that, though Fabre will always be regarded as a Provençal, he is not really a Provençal save by adoption. He came of peasant stock and of an exceedingly poor peasant stock, numbering no well-to-do farmers among its members, who considered themselves lucky when they held, by inheritance or marriage, a small bit of land to call their own. His paternal grandfather was one of these small farmers; his grandfather on the mother's side followed the calling of a process-server or sheriff's officer. Henri Fabre's own father at one time had a farm, but in the author's earliest childhood became smitten with the love of town-life and kept a humble café at one small provincial town or village after the other. Not many of his immediate forbears and scarce any of the more remote were able to spell out even a few lines of a newspaper or to write their own names. He himself cannot account for his love of learning, his love of literature, his love of nature or his love of science by any explanation based upon the theory of heredity. He sees no "throw-back" in himself to a cultured ancestor or ancestress, however distant.

He was taught nothing at home, not even good farming; for, as I have said, the farm was abandoned in his infancy and his sole agricultural experience seems to have been the driving of a flock of ducklings to and from the village pond. Nor did he receive any but the most haphazard education at the rustic school to which he was sent as a tiny boy, a school where the master was constantly called away by other duties and where the chickens and pigs made frequent inroads. He learnt to read, mainly by his own efforts and initiative; he learnt a little arithmetic. When he had grown a year or two older, he received gratis instruction at a secondary school, in return for his services as an acolyte in church; and thus, little by little, he acquired knowledge—mostly self-taught—and the habit of learning, until at last he received his appointment as an assistant-master at Carpentras, to which was attached a wretched salary of seven hundred francs a year.

Meanwhile, his love of natural history had long asserted itself and, as he tells us, had to be suppressed, in order that he might apply himself to the study of mathematics for his degree. After a while, he was promoted to the post of lecturer on physics at Ajaccio, at a salary of eighteen hundred francs, by no means a large income on which to support a wife and a growing family. Here, in Corsica, he came into contact with two travelling naturalists, Requien of Avignon and Moquin-Tandon of Toulouse; and the latter, perceiving the special bent of Fabre's mind, recommended him to throw mathematics over-

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board and "to devote himself to the animal." The young man acted on this advice, added a third degree, that of natural science, to those of mathematics and physics and received, in 1854, his nomination to the college of Avignon.

Fabre's first notable entomological work appeared in 1855, when he was thirty-two years of age, and took the form of an essay on the Cerceris-wasp published in the *Annales des sciences naturelles*. He had little time at this period for study or writing, though he had the greatest need for both, seeing that his stipend had fallen from eighteen hundred to sixteen hundred francs and remained at the latter figure during the whole of almost twenty years which he spent, as an assistant-professor, at Avignon College. Fortunately, he was endowed with a positive lust for work; and on every Sunday and every Thursday half-holiday he escaped to Carpentras, there to prosecute his observations on insects in the open air.

You will read in *The Life of the Fly*, in a chapter entitled "Industrial Chemistry," how he tried—and failed—to earn an independence at Avignon by setting up a factory for producing madder-dye; how he was sought out by Victor Duruy, the minister of education; how he was dragged to Paris, much against his will, presented to the Emperor Napoleon III and decorated with the Legion of Honour. You will have read in *The Life and Love of the Insect* (London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: the Macmillan Company) how he was visited by Pasteur; and you will read, a year hence, in *The Wild Bee*, how he corresponded with Charles Darwin and assisted him by making a number of complicated experiments on his behalf. Darwin called him "the incomparable observer"; Fabre, though he refers to Darwin as "the illustrious scientist" and so on, never entirely reciprocated the older man's admiration and, throughout the *Souvenirs entomologiques*, displays for the English naturalist a feeling which I would venture to describe as one of good-humoured, but quite friendly scorn. You may agree with him or you may not; I agree with him and you may not; but you and I alike must love and respect and revere this humble practical observer tilting with undaunted courage at the successful and self-opinionated theorists whose views on the evolution of species, in which he refuses to believe, were rapidly gaining ground. He chaffs them merrily, but never bitterly; and his witty sallies against the exponents and adherents of evolution, transformism, mimesis and the rest of the "theories" will always count among the most brilliant and delightful passages in the *Souvenirs*.

I have a particular reason for mentioning Fabre's relations with Darwin at this point. There is no doubt that Fabre is a supremely Christian philosopher and that his quarrels with the evolutionists are due, in no small measure, to his belief that they are too prone to leave the will of God out of their reckoning. Now the irony of fate brought about that Fabre himself, because he talked to his pupils of the beasts and the flowers and the stars and all the wonders of nature, became looked upon, by the narrow-minded inhabitants of the provincial town where he resided, as a "dangerous" and "irregular" person. It also happened that, at this time, he had lost his protector, Duruy, who had himself fallen a victim to the persistent attacks of his abscurantist adversaries. The opportunity was seized to form a local cabal against Fabre; and his enemies made tools of two maiden ladies, a pair of elderly spinsters who owned the house in which Fabre lived, and induced them to give him a month's notice to quit. He held no lease, had not the least scrap of a written agreement to show, was without remedy of any kind; and he had to submit and go.

At that moment he was so poor, so utterly denuded of all resources, that he had not even the wherewithal to pay for the removal of his belongings. The Franco-German War was devastating the country; Paris was besieged; and Fabre had ceased for the time to receive

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the meagre royalties which his school-manuals and his books of popular science for children were just beginning to yield. Owing to the retired life which his studious and laborious habits caused him to lead, he had no friends at Avignon; and he possessed no credit. In his distress, he turned to John Stuart Mill, with whom he had lived on terms of intimacy during the philosopher's many stays in the City of the Popes. Mill, who was now Member of Parliament for Westminster, at once sent him three thousand francs, as a loan without security, to be repaid at his friend's convenience. Fabre thereupon shook off the yoke of the college, withdrew to Orange and here, after some seeking, found a house to suit him on the outskirts of the town. He discharged his debt within two years and to this day relates the story of Mill's kindness in terms of fervent gratitude.

Mill died at Avignon in 1873. In the same year, Fabre received his dismissal as keeper of the Requien Museum, a subsidiary post which he had retained on leaving Avignon, visiting that city twice a week regularly from Orange. Such time as he could spare from the education of his children was now devoted to writing; but it was not until 1878 that he was able to collect enough of his serial essays to publish the first volume of his monumental *Souvenirs entomologiques,* which, issued at rare intervals during the subsequent three decades, were to end by forming a work in ten volumes, consisting of over three thousand seven hundred pages and containing nearly twelve hundred thousand words.

In 1879, he left Orange for Sérignan, where he purchased a small house and garden and also the famous piece of waste ground, the wild paddock or *harmas,* to which such frequent reference is made in his writings. Here his wife died. His children were all grown up, some were married, the others were on the point of leaving him; and he foresaw the time when he would be left alone, with not even his aged father, the old café-keeper of Pierrelatte and other places, for a companion. The son, moreover, had inherited the father's unpractical ways, his inability to cope with the exigencies of life, his domestic unfitness.

For this reason, after remaining a widower for two years, Fabre married again. He was over sixty, but physically and mentally as young as he had ever been; and he took to wife a young, industrious woman, full of life and vigour and in every way suited to satisfy that need of order, peace, calmness and moral tranquillity which was essential to his existence. Three children, a boy and two girls, were born in rapid succession; and before long the youngest of his daughters by the first wife returned home. Thus a family was reconstituted to surround him with its cares in his old age.

From this time onwards, aided by his wife and children, he pursued without distraction the career of his own choosing, applying himself exclusively to the studies that have made him celebrated all over the world. He has survived his second wife; but his son and his daughters still live by his side. He has never known a state far removed above poverty, has always, even of late years, had to live very nearly from hand to mouth; but the stories of his pitiful destitution, which were promulgated so lavishly last year by a well-meaning press, are highly coloured and exaggerated. He has at no time, since the publication of the *Souvenirs entomologiques* began, been in want of the necessaries of life, necessaries small indeed in the case of a man of his astonishingly simple ways; nor has he ever lamented the absence of life's luxuries. What has distressed him, from the start to the approaching finish of his career, is the lack of means with which to buy the finer and more expensive scientific instruments that would have been so useful to him in the pursuit of his studies. Time after time, he describes to us the apparatus employed by him in his experiments and investigations; and these appliances are mostly of a makeshift character. The reader

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knows how stupendous the results have been, in spite of it all.

Fabre is and will always remain "the incomparable observer," an entomologist by the grace of God. It is an open question, however, whether posterity will not regard him rather as a mighty man of letters. There is a marvellous attraction about his style. Men more competent to judge than I, Frenchmen, have assured me that he does not write absolutely pure French, that Provençal idioms creep in here and there in his work, that he uses words occasionally in a sheer Provençal sense, that he writes, in a manner of speaking, with a southern accent. This may be so. I cannot tell. It is true that, in translating him, I have many times come upon a word which I do not find in Littré, or which I find in Littré defined in a sense different from that which Fabre intends it to convey. But how does this affect the question of style? We all know what a prig and pedant your Frenchman is in the matter of his own language. While he looks upon it as a made and perfect implement, he will often welcome a neologism, proudly labelling it as such; but the introduction of a provincial term, however happy, however mellifluous, however robust, from east, north, west or south of Paris, shocks him as barbarous. Let him be shocked: Fabre's style remains none the less delightful. It is as simple as Victor Hugo's, as lucid as Chateaubriand's; it trips along with a graceful lilt of its own; it has ever the right word in the right place.

Fabre's work translates into excellent English; and I have always thought that this quality—the quality of being readily rendered into a foreign tongue—is a test of good writing. It is the tortuous, laboured, fantastic, would-be "original" style that hampers the translator. Fabre's style is invariably straightforward, radiant and magnificent; he writes as a classic from the moment that he takes up his pen.

CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE

BY J. H. FABRE

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

I. THE HARMAS

THIS is what I wished for, *hoc erat in votis*: a bit of land, oh, not so very large, but fenced in, to avoid the drawbacks of a public way; an abandoned, barren, sun-scorched bit of land, favoured by thistles and Hymenoptera. Here, without fear of being troubled by the passers-by, I could consult the Ammophila and the Sphex and engage in that difficult conversation whose questions and answers have experiment for their language; here, without distant expeditions that take up my time, without tiring rambles that strain my nerves, I could contrive my plans of attack, lay my ambushes and watch their effects at every hour of the day. *Hoc erat in votis.* Yes, this was my wish, my dream, always cherished, always vanishing into the mists of the future.

And it is no easy matter to acquire a laboratory in the open fields, when harassed by a terrible anxiety about one's daily bread. For forty years have I fought, with steadfast courage, against the paltry plagues of life; and the long-wished-for laboratory has come at last. What it has cost me in perseverance and relentless work I will not try to say. It has come; and, with it—a more serious condition—perhaps a litle leisure. I say perhaps, for my leg is still hampered with a few links of the convict's chain.

The wish is realised. It is a little late, O my pretty insects! I greatly fear that the peach is offered to me only when I am beginning to have no teeth wherewith to eat it. Yes, it is a little late: the wide horizons of the outset have shrunk into a low and stifling canopy, more and more straitened day by day. Regretting nothing in the past, save those

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whom I have lost; regretting nothing, not even my first youth; hoping nothing either, I have reached the point at which, worn out by the experience of things, we ask ourselves if life be worth the living.

Amid the ruins that surround me, one strip of wall remains standing, immovable upon its solid base: my passion for scientific truth. Is that enough, O my busy Hymenoptera, to enable me to add yet a few seemly pages to your history? Will my strength not cheat my good intentions? Why, indeed, did I forsake you so long? Friends have reproached me for doing so. Ah, tell them, tell

J. H. FABRE

those friends, who are yours as well as mine, tell them that it was not forgetfulness on my part, weariness, nor neglect: I thought of you; I was convinced that the Cerceris' cave had more fair secrets to reveal to us, that the chase of the Sphex held fresh surprises in store. But the time failed me; I was alone, deserted, struggling against misfortune. Before philosophising, one had to live. Tell them that; and they will pardon me.

Others have reproached me with my style, which has not the solemnity, nay, better, the dryness of the schools. They fear lest a page that is read without fatigue should not always be the expression of the truth. Were I to take their word for it, we are profound only on condition of being obscure. Come here, one and all of you—you, the sting-bearers, and you, the wing-cased armour-clads—take up my defence and bear witness in my favour . Tell of the intimate terms on which I live with you, of the patience with which I observe you, of the care with which I record your actions. Your evidence is unanimous: yes, my pages, though they bristle not with hollow formulas nor learned smatterings, are the exact narrative of facts observed, neither more nor less; and whoso cares to question you in his turn will obtain the same replies.

And then, my dear insects, if you cannot convince those good people, because you do not carry the weight of tedium, I, in my turn, will say to them:

"You rip up the animal and I study it alive; you turn it into an object of horror and pity, whereas I cause it to be loved; you labour in a torture-chamber and dissecting-room, I make my observations under the blue sky to the song of the Cicadas; you subject cell and protoplasm to chemical tests, I study instinct in its loftiest manifestations; you pry into death, I pry into life. And why should I not complete my thought: the boars have muddied the clear stream; natural history, youth's glorious study, has, by dint of cellular improvements, become a hateful and repulsive thing. Well, if I write for men of learning, for philosophers, who, one day, will try to some extent to unravel the tough problem of the instinct, I write also, I write above all for the young. I want to make them love the natural history which you make them hate; and that is why, while keeping strictly to the domain of truth, I avoid your scientific prose, which too often, alas, seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom!"

But this is not my business for the moment: I have to speak of the bit of land long cherished in my plans to form a laboratory of living entomology, the bit of land which I have at last obtained in the solitude of a little village. It is

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a *harmas,* the name given, in the district, to an untilled, pebbly expanse abandoned to the vegetation of the thyme. It is too poor to repay the work of the plough; but the sheep passes in spring, when it has chanced to rain and a little grass shoots up.

My harmas, however, because of its modicum of red earth swamped by a huge mass of stones, has received a first attempt at cultivation: I am told that vines once grew here. And, in fact, when we dig the ground before planting a few trees, we turn up, here and there, remains of the precious stock, half-carbonised by time. The three-pronged fork, therefore, the only implement of husbandry that can penetrate such a soil as this, has entered here; and I am sorry, for the primitive vegetation has disappeared. No more thyme, no more lavender, no more clumps of kermes-oak, the dwarf oak that forms forests over which we step by lengthening our stride a little. As these plants, especially the first two, might be of use to me by offering the Hymenoptera a spoil to forage, I am compelled to reinstate them in the ground whence they were driven by the fork.

What abounds, without my mediation, is the invaders of any soil first dug and then left long to its own resources. We have, in the first rank, the couch-grass, that execrable weed which three years of stubborn warfare have not succeeded in exterminating. Next, in respect of number, come the centauries, grim-looking one and all, bristling with prickles or starry halberds. They are the yellow-flowered centaury, the mountain centaury, the star-thistle and the rough centaury. The first predominates. Here and there, amid the inextricable confusion of the centauries, stands, like a chandelier with spreading orange flowers for lights, the fierce Spanish oyster-plant, whose spikes are as strong as nails. Above it, towers the Illyrian cotton-thistle, whose straight and solitary stalk soars to a height of three to six feet and ends in large pink tufts. Its armour hardly yields before that of the oyster-plant. Let us not omit the lesser thistle-tribe. And first the prickly or cruel thistle, which is so well armed that the plant-collector knows not where to grasp it; next, the spear-thistle, with its ample foliage, ending each of its veins with a spear-head; lastly, the black knap-weed, which gathers itself into a spiky knot. In among these, in long lines armed with hooks, the shoots of the blue dewberry creep along the ground. To visit the prickly thicket when the Hymenopteron goes foraging, you must wear boots that come to mid-leg or else resign yourself to a smarting in the calves. As long as the ground retains a few remnants of the vernal rains, this rude vegetation does not lack a certain charm, when the pyramids of the oyster-plant and the slender branches of the cotton-thistle rise above the wide carpet formed by the saffron heads of the yellow-flowered centaury; but let the droughts of summer come and we see but a desolate waste, which the flame of a match would set ablaze from one end to the other. Such is, or rather was, when I took possession of it, the Eden of bliss where I mean to live henceforth alone with the insect. Forty years of desperate struggle have won it for me.

Eden, I said; and, from the point of view that interests me, the expression is not out of place. This cursed ground, which no one would have had at a gift to sow with a pinch of turnip-seed, is an earthly paradise for the Hymenoptera. Its mighty growth of thistles and centauries draws them all to me from everywhere around. Never, in my insect-hunting memories, have I seen so large a population at a single spot; all the trades have made it their rallying-point. Here come hunters of every kind of game, builders in clay, weavers of cotton goods, collectors of pieces cut from a leaf or the petals of a flower, architects in pasteboard, plasterers mixing mortar, carpenters boring wood, miners digging underground galleries, workers handling goldbeater's skin and many more.

Who is this one? An Anthidium.

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She scrapes the cobwebby stalk of the yellow-flowered centaury and gathers a ball of wadding which she carries off proudly in the tips of her mandibles. She will turn it, under ground, into satchels of cotton felt to hold the store of honey and the egg. And these others, so eager for plunder? They are Megachiles, carrying under their bellies their black, white or blood-red reaping-brushes. They will leave the thistles to visit the neighbouring shrubs and there cut from the leaves oval pieces which will be made into a fit receptacle to contain the harvest. And these, clad in black velvet? They are Chalicodomæ,* who work with cement and gravel. We could easily find their masonry on the stones in the harmas. And these, noisily buzzing with a sudden flight? They are the Anthophoræ, who live in the old walls and the sunny banks of the neighbourhood.

Now come the Osmiæ. One stacks her cells in the spiral staircase of an empty snail-shell; another, attacking the pith of a dry bit of bramble, obtains for her grubs a cylindrical lodging and divides it into floors by means of partition-walls; a third employs the natural channel of a cut reed; a fourth is a rent-free tenant of the vacant galleries of some Mason-bee. Here are the Macroceræ and the Euceræ, whose males are proudly horned; the Dasypodæ, who carry an ample brush of bristles on their hind-legs for a reaping implement; the Andrenæ, so manifold in species; the slender-bellied Halicti. I omit a host of others. If I tried to continue this record of the guests of my thistles, it would muster almost the whole of the honey-yielding tribe. A learned entomologist of Bordeaux, Professor Pérez, to whom I submit the naming of my prizes, asked me if I had special means of hunting, to send him so many rarities and even novelties. I am not at all an expert and, still less, a zealous hunter, for the insect interests me much more when engaged in its work than when stuck on a pin in a cabinet. The whole secret of my hunting is reduced to my dense nursery of thistles and centauries.

*Mason-bees.—*Translator's Note.*

By a most fortunate chance, with this populous family of honey-gatherers was allied the tribe of hunters. The builders' men had distributed here and there, in the harmas, great mounds of sand and heaps of stones, with a view to running up some surrounding walls. The work dragged on slowly; and the materials found occupants from the first year. The Chalicodomas had chosen the interstices between the stones as a dormitory where to pass the night, in serried groups. The strong Eyed Lizard, who, when close-pressed, attacks both man and dog, wide-mouthed, had selected a cave wherein to lie in wait for the passing, Scarab; the Black-eared Chat, garbed like a Dominican, white-frocked with black wings, sat on the top stone, singing his short rustic lay. The nest, with its sky-blue eggs, must be somewhere in the heap. The little Dominican disappeared with the loads of stones. I regret him: he would have been a charming neighbour. The Eyed Lizard I do not regret at all.

Hunters that have not disappeared, their homes being different, are the Ammophilæ, whom I see fluttering, one in spring, the others in autumn, along the garden-walks and over the lawns, in search of a caterpillar; the Pompili, who travel alertly, beating their wings and rummaging in every corner in search of a spider. The largest of them waylays the Narbonne Lycosa, whose burrow is not infrequent in the harmas. This burrow is a vertical well, with a curb of fescue-grass intertwined with silk. You can see the eyes of the powerful Arachnid gleam at the bottom of the den like little diamonds, an object of terror to most. What a prey and what dangerous hunting for the Pompilus! And here, on a hot summer afternoon, is the Amazon-ant, who leaves her barrack-rooms in long battalions and marches far afield to hunt for slaves. We will follow her in her raids when we find time. Here again, around a heap of grasses turned to mould, are Scolinæ an inch and a half long, who fly grace-

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fully and dive into the heap, attracted by a rich prey, the grubs of Lamellicorns, Oryctes and Cetoniæ.

What subjects for study! And there are more to come. The house was as utterly deserted as the ground. When man was gone and peace assured, the animal hastened up, seizing on everything. The Warbler took up his abode in the lilac-shrubs; the Greenfinch settled in the thick shelter of the cypresses; the Sparrow carted rags and straw under every slate; the Serinfinch, whose downy nest is no bigger than half an apricot, came and chirped in the plane-tree-tops; the Scops made a habit of uttering his monotonous piping note here, of an evening; the bird of Pallas Athene, the Owl, hastened along to hoot and hiss.

In front of the house is a large pond, fed by the aqueduct that supplies the village-pumps with water. Here, from half a mile and more around, come the Batrachians in the lovers' season. The Natterjack, sometimes, as large as a plate, with a narrow stripe of yellow down his back, makes his appointments here to take his bath; when the evening twilight falls, we see hopping along the edge the Midwife Toad, the male, who carries a cluster of eggs, the size of peppercorns, wrapped round his hind legs: the genial paterfamilias has brought his precious packet from afar, to leave it in the water and afterwards retire under some flat stone, whence he will emit a sound like a tinkling bell. Lastly, when not croaking amid the foliage, the Tree-frogs indulge in the most graceful dives. And so, in May, as soon as it is dark, the pond becomes a deafening orchestra: it is impossible to talk at table, impossible to sleep. We had to remedy this by means perhaps a little too rigorous. What could we do? He who tries to sleep and cannot needs becomes ruthless.

Bolder still, the Hymenopteron has taken possession of the dwelling-house. On my door-sill, in a soil of rubbish, nestles the White-banded Sphex: when I go indoors, I must be careful not to damage her burrows, not to tread upon the miner absorbed in her work. It is quite a quarter of a century since I last saw the saucy Cricket-hunter. When I made her acquaintance, I used to visit her at a few miles' distance: each time, it meant an expedition under the blazing August sun. To-day, I find her at my door; we are intimate neighbours. The embrasure of the closed windows provides an apartment of a mild temperature for the Pelopæus. The earth-built nest is fixed against the freestone wall. To enter her home, the Spider-huntress uses a litle hole accidentally open in the closed shutters. On the mouldings of the Venetian blinds, a few stray Mason-bees build their group of cells; inside the outer shutters, left ajar, a Eumenes constructs her little earthen dome, surmounted by a short, bell-mouthed neck. The Wasp and the Polistes are my dinner-guests: they visit my table to enquire if the grapes served are really ripe.

Here, surely—and the list is far from complete—here is a company both numerous and select, whose conversation will not fail to charm my solitude, if I succeed in drawing it. My dear beasts of former days, my old friends, and others, more recent acquaintances, all are here, hunting, foraging, building in close proximity. Besides, should we wish to vary the scene of observation, the mountain* is but a few hundred steps away, with its tangle of arbutus, rock-roses and arborescent heather: with its sandy spaces dear to the Bembeces; with its marly slopes exploited by different Hymenoptera. And that is why, foreseeing these riches, I have abandoned the town for the village and come to Sérignan to weed my turnips and water my lettuces.

Laboratories are being founded at great expense, on our Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, where people dissect small sea animals, of but meagre interest to us; they spend a fortune on powerful microscopes, delicate dissecting-instruments, engines of capture, boats, fishing-crews, aquariums, to find out how the vitellus of an Annelid is put

*Mont Ventoux, an outlying summit of the Alps, 6,270 feet.—*Translator's Note.*

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together, a question whereof I have never yet been able to grasp the full importance; and they scorn the little land-animal, which lives in constant touch with us, which provides psychology in general with documents of inestimable value, which too often threatens the public wealth by destroying our crops. When shall we have an entomological laboratory for the study not of the dead insect, steeped in alcohol, but of the living insect; a laboratory having for its object the instinct, the habits, the manner of living, the work, the struggles, the propagation of that little world, with which agriculture and philosophy have most seriously to reckon?

To know thoroughly the history of the destroyer of our vines might perhaps be more important than to know how this or that nerve-fibre of a Cirriped ends; to establish by experiment the line of demarcation between the intellect and the instinct, to prove, by comparing facts in the zoological progression, whether human reason be an irreducible faculty or not; all this ought surely to take precedence of the number of joints in a Crustacean's antenna. These enormous questions would need an army of workers; and we have not one. The fashion is all for the Mollusc and the Zoophyte. The depths of the sea are explored with many dragnets; the soil which we tread is consistently disregarded. While waiting for the fashion to change, I open my harmas laboratory of living entomology; and this laboratory shall not cost the ratepayers one farthing.

THE COWARD

BY MADISON CAWEIN

He found the road so long and lone
  That he was fain to turn again.
The bird's faint note, the bee's low drone
Seemed to his heart to monotone
  The unavailing and the vain,
  And dirge the dreams that life had slain.

And for a while he sat him there
  Beside the way, and bared his head:
He felt the hot sun on his hair;
And weed-warm odours everywhere
  Waked memories, forgot or dead,
  Of days when love this way had led

To that old house beside the road,
  With white board-fence and picket-gate,
And garden-plot that gleamed and glowed
With colour, and that overflowed
  With fragrance; where, both soon and late,
  She mid the flowers used to wait.

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Was it the same? or had it changed
As he and she with months and years?
How long now had they been estranged?
How far away their lives had ranged
Since that last meeting, filled with tears,
And manly hopes and maiden tears!

He closed his eyes, and seemed to see
That parting now: The moon above
The old house and its locust tree;
The moths that glimmered drowsily
From flower to flower, the scent whereof
Seemed portion of that oldtime love.

Her face was lifted, wan and wet;
Her body tense as if with pain:
He stooped—yes; he could see it yet—
A moment and their young lips met,
And then—— There in the lonely lane
He seemed to live it o'er again.

Why had he gone?—'Twas for her sake.
But what had come of all his toil?
The City, like some monster snake,
Had dragged him downward, half-awake,
Crushing him in its mighty coil,
Whence none escapes without a soil.

He was not clean yet. She would read
Failure, vice-written, in his face.
But, haply, now she had no need
Of him, whose life, a useless weed
Had grown; whose evil would replace
The love of her heart's garden space.

He could not bear to look and see
The question in those love-pure eyes:
What answer for that look had he?—
He thought it out. It could not be.
What! would he live for only lies?—
Better to break all oldtime ties.

And then he rose. The house was near;
There where the road turned from the wood.
Whose voice was that he seemed to hear?
Then in his heart there grew a fear,
And turning, as if death-pursued,
He fled into the solitude.

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THE STORY OF DAUDET'S BOOKS

BY FIRMIN DREDD

In brief sketches here and there in the volumes *Thirty Years in Paris* and *Memories of a Man of Letters* Daudet gave us a history of his books which is not only invaluable to all who read him with genuine interest, but which, as showing the manner and method of work of a real story-teller, is worth more to the appreciative and discriminating literary aspirant than a hundred essays "On the Art of Writing a Great Novel" and a thousand recipes for style, construction and dramatic effect. These sketches, taking up the story of each of his books from the time when studying some great structure, symbolic of a certain phase of Parisian life, the germ idea flashed through his mind, show all the labour, the care, the infinite patience by which the finished novel was evolved. The initial idea, the seed thought, which came suddenly, unexpectedly, was in itself very little; a sort of arrow, pointing the ultimate, far-distant goal.

For instance, the first suggestion of *Les Rois en Exil* came to Daudet one evening in October as he was standing on the Place du Carrousel looking at the tragic rent in the Parisian sky, caused by the fall of the Tuileries. Dethroned princes exiling themselves from Paris after their downfall, taking up their quarters on the Rue de Rivoli, and when they woke in the morning and raised the shades at their windows, discovering these ruins—such was the first vision of *Kings in Exile*. This was at once the inspiration of the first and last chapters of the book. It was very typical of Daudet; almost all of his works were built up about some such vague impression. There is no pleasanter or more profitable occupation for the reader or the playgoer than that of taking up some book or drama and endeavouring to pick out of the whole structure the foundation stone—to trace back the complete work to the original idea or seed thought. Sometimes this will be found in a particular situation; again, in some striking social type. More often the book or the play has been constructed about some problem or some vague phase of human life. Daudet generally worked from the inanimate to the animate, but not always. *Kings in Exile* was born of the impression derived from the rent in the sky, caused by the fall of the Tuileries. Looming up in every page of *The Immortal* is the great dome of the Institute. The first idea of *Fromont and Risler* came into his mind while studying the stage-setting of a theatre during a general rehearsal of one of his own plays. But it was with kings, and not palaces, that *Kings in Exile* had to do. The painted streams and forests of the theatre stirred him to think of the less romantic but deeper dramas that are always being played unconsciously in every-day life. Of *The Immortal,* the Institute itself was only the symbol. The book was built on the meditated scorn of years.

Daudet was indefatigable in filling note-books. It was his system of work. All through his literary life he was jotting down observations and thoughts, sometimes condensed to one finely written line, by which he was able afterward to recall a gesture, a word or a tone, and to develop and magnify it for use in some important work. He was forever blackening sheets. In Paris, in the country, travelling, these little note-books were always with him. He was constantly looking out for striking proper names, believing with Balzac that there was in names a characteristic physiognomy, a certain likeness of the people who bear them. And of his characters one may say, as one says of Balzac, that

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the substitution of other names would make them seem incongruous.

All the characters of *Fromont and Risler* had living originals. Planus the cashier was really named Scherer. "I knew him," said Daudet, "in a banking house on the Rue de Londres, where he would stand in front of his well-filled safe, shaking his head and murmuring in his German accent with tragi-comic distress: 'Ja, ja, money, much money; put I haf no gonfidence.'" There was also an original of Sidonie and her parents' home. The true Sidonie, however, was not so black as the heroine of the book. Risler was a memory of Daudet's childhood, an Alsatian factory's draughtsman, who worked for the author's father. Daudet transformed him from an Alsatian to a Swiss, in order not to introduce into the book sentimental patriotism. The immortal Delobelle was the summing up of all that Daudet knew about actors, their manias, the difficulty they find in recovering their footing in life when they go off the stage, in maintaining an individuality in so many varying masks. Once, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, the novelist attended the funeral of a great actor's daughter. There he found all the details that he introduced later at the death of little Desirée—"the typical *entrées* of the guests, their pump-like action in shaking hands, varied according to the practices of their respective rôles, the tear caught in the corner of the eye and looked at on the end of the glove." In the original scheme of the book Desirée was to have been a doll's dressmaker, a trade characteristic of the noisy, humming Marais. But in discussing the novel with one of his friends he learned of Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend,* where there is ths same conception of a young cripple, who is a doll's dressmaker; and so instead Desirée became a worker on ornaments for birds and insects. *Fromont and Risler* was written in an old house in the Marais, where Daudet's study with its great windows looked out upon the foliage, the blackened trellises of the garden. Outside of that zone of quiet was the bustling life of the faubourgs—the factory smoke, the rumbling of vans, the noise of the workshops—in short, the very atmosphere with which the story is drenched.

Among Daudet's note-books there was one bound in green, full of closely written notes and baffling erasures. This green note-book bore the title The South, and from it Daudet drew *Numa Roumestan* and the stories of the prodigious Tartarin. It was probably the strangest and the fullest of all his note-books. In it were jotted down the distinguishing characteristics of his native province, its climate, accent, temperament, morals, the gestures, fits of frenzy and passionate outbursts, which come of its sunshine, and "that artless need of lying which is due to an access of imagination, to an expansive, chattering, good-natured madness, so utterly unlike the cold-blooded, wicked, deliberate lying of the North." These notes were gathered everywhere. First of all, he drew from his inner self, as one must do who hopes to write true. All the memories of his early years—that life which he painted so vividly when telling the stories of *Little What's-His-Name* and Elysée Méraut of the *Kings in Exile*—were pencilled there. It was full of the local ballads, the proverbs and homely sayings of the South, the cries of its hawkers, its epithets and its extravagances of speech.

From that book I drew *Tartarin de Tarascon, Numa Roumestan,* and, more recently, *Tartarin sur les Alpes.* Other books dealing with the South are vaguely outlined there, fanciful sketches, novels, physiological studies—Mirabeau, Marquis de Sade, Raousset-Boulbon, and the *Malade Imaginaire,* whom Molière surely imported from the South. Yes, and even serious history, too, if I may believe this ambition lying in a corner of the little book: *Napoleon, a Southerner—the whole race embodied in him.*

Mon Dieu, yes. In anticipation of the day when the Novel of Manners should weary me by the confined and conventional limits of its frame, when I should feel the need of

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enlarging my field and of soaring higher, I had dreamed of that—of striking the dominant note in Napoleon's supernatural existence, of interpreting that extraordinary man by this simple phrase, The South, of which Taine, with all his learning, never thought. The South, pompous, classical, theatrical, fond of parade and gorgeous costumes—with a spot or two in the creases—platforms, plumes, banners and trumpets flaring in the wind. The family-loving, tradition-ridden South, inheriting from the Orient loyalty to the clan of the tribe, with the fondness for sweet dishes and that incurable content for woman which does not prevent its being passionate and lustful to the point of madness. The cajoling, cunning South, with its reckless eloquence, luminous but colourless—for colour is a Northern quality—with its short but terrible outbreaks of wrath, accompanied by much pawing of the ground and grimacing, always more or less simulated, even when they are sincere—now tragic, now comic—typical Mediterranean hurricanes, ten feet of foam on top of calm water. The superstitious, idle-worshipping South, readily forgetful of the gods in the excitement of its salamander-like life, but remembering the prayers of its childhood as soon as disease or misfortune threatens. (Napoleon on his knees praying, at sunset, on the deck of the *Northumberland,* and hearing mass twice a day in the dining-room at St. Helena.) Lastly, and above all, the most prominent characteristic of the race—imagination—which was never so vast, so frenzied in any man as in him. (Egypt, Russia, the dream on conquering the Indies.) Such was the Napoleon whom I would have liked to describe in the principal acts of his public life and the trivial details of his private life, coupling with him as a foil, for a Bompard, imitating and exaggerating his gestures and his display another Southerner, Murat of Cahors, the poor and intrepid Murat, who was captured and driven to the wall, having attempted to effect a little return from Elba on his own account.

When *Numa Roumestan* appeared and for a long time afterward all Paris insisted, despite what Daudet said to the contrary, that the character of its hero was in a measure drawn from Gambetta. Numa, in reality, was made up of scraps and fragments, as was the case with every one of the people in the book, with the exception of the most ridiculous and improbable of them all—the chimerical and delirious Bompard. The character of the *tambourinaire,* Valmajour, was suggested by a musician named Buisson, who came to Paris with a letter to the novelist from the poet Mistral. It was from Buisson's lips that Daudet heard the little tale beginning: "It came to me at night." The house in Nîmes in which Numa was born was one in which Daudet lived as a child; the Brothers' school of the book was one of his earliest memories. There were others besides Gambetta who were recognised or who recognised themselves in Numa Roumestan. Numa Baragnon, a Southerner and an ex-minister, misled by the similarity of Christian names, was the first to protest. The legend about Gambetta was started by an article in a Dresden newspaper. Gambetta himself never believed it, and he and Daudet laughed over the story together.

As we were dining one evening side by side at our publishers' table, he asked me if Roumestan's *"When I don't talk, I don't think,"* was a manufactured sentence or one that I had heard somewhere.

"Pure invention, my dear Gambetta."

"Well," he said, "at the council of ministers this morning one of my colleagues, a Southerner from Montpellier, informed us *that he never thought except while he was speaking.* Evidently the idea is indigenous to your country."

Of all Daudet's books, the one with which he had most difficulty, the one which he carried longest in his head in the stage of title and vague outline, was *Kings in Exile.* The chief trouble in the building of the story was in the search for models and for accurate information. He was obliged to press into service all his acquaintances from the top to the bottom of the social ladder. He interviewed the upholsterers who furnished the mansions of exiled kings and the

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great nobleman who visited these homes socially and diplomatically. He pored over the records of the police court and the bills of tradesmen, going in this way to the bottom of those royal existences, discovering instances of proud destitution, of heroic devotion side by side with manias, infirmities, tarnished honour and seared cosciences. It was for a long while believed that the King and Queen of Naples were the originals of Christian and Frederika of Illyria. Here, again, Daudet contradicted the popular idea. Elysée Méraut, however, was taken from life. The original of the character was a young man named Constant Thérion, whom Daudet used to meet soon after he arrived in Paris in company with his brother Ernest—a young man who was forever coming out of book-stalls or burying his nose in old volumes in front of the shops that surround the Odéon; "a long, dishevelled devil, with a peculiar trick, constantly repeated, like the spasms of the St. Vitus dance, of adjusting his spectacles on a flat, open, sensual nose instinct with love of life." To the figure of this strange Bohemian, who used to stalk about the Quartier, shouting his monarchical opinions, Daudet brought the impression of his own Southern childhood. "It occurred to me to make him a countryman of mine own, from Nîmes, from that hard-working *bourgade* from which all my father's workmen came; to place in his bedroom that red seal, *Fides, Spes,* which I had seen in the house of my own parents, in the room where we used to sing *Vive Henri V!*" Méraut having been invented, Daudet began to study out the problem of how he could be introduced into the royal household. The idea came of making him the tutor of a prince; hence, Zara. And while at work on this part of the book an accident took place in the family of a friend, a child struck in the eye by a bullet from a parlour rifle, suggested the idea of the poor king-maker destroying his own work. Daudet had originally intended to describe in the book the funeral of an exiled king from the impressions which he had derived from watching the funeral procession of the old King of Hanover pass the Librairie Nouvelle, the Prince of Wales at its head. Unfortunately, he was embarrassed by parallel episodes in some of his former works.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. Parrot & Co. Macgrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Desert Gold. Gray. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) $1.35.
4. Sylvia. Sinclair. (Winston.) $1.20.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Impressions and Opinions. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.35.

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JUVENILES

1. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout. Wilson. (Sturgis and Walton.) $1.00.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The World's Great Snare. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) $3.50.
2. Robert Browning's Complete Poetical Words. Camberwell Edition. (Crowell.) $9.00.
3. Life and Letters of Robert Browning. Orr. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. Browning Encyclopedia. Berdoe. (Macmillan.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Aunt Jane's Nieces Series. Van Dyne. (Reilly and Britton.) 60 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Song of Six-pence. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Daddy Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction Bridge. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts on Panama Canal. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Scarlet Rider. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Robin Hood. Pyle. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Right of the Strongest. Greene. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

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3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas. Baden-Powell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Michael. de la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
4. The Pathos of Distance. Huneker. (Scribner.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Catfish. Marriott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Minimum Wage. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
2. The Republic. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
3. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
4. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. What Katy Did Stories. Coolidge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. Toby Tyler. Otis. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. Just-So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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DALLAS, TEXAS

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Way Stations. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century.) $2.00.
4. Socialism and Democracy in Europe. Orth. (Holt.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Woman in Black. Bentley. (Century Co.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Irish Plays. Weygandt. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Panama. Fraser. (Cassell.) $1.75.
3. The Drift of Romanticism. Moore. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Blossom Shop. Mullins. (Page.) $1.00.
3. Little Mamselle of the Wilderness. Seaman. (Sturgis and Walton.) $1.25.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Squaw Lady. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
5. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The Masked War. Burns. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Auto Blue Book. Vol. 4. (Auto Blue Book Co.) $2.50.
3. Syndicalism and the Minimum Wage. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Juveniles

No report.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Milestones. Bennett and Knoblauch. (Doran.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Mother West Wind's Animal Friends. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
3. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Under the Sky in California. Saunders. (McBride, Nast.) $2.00.
3. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Daffodil Fields. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. *Jennie Bryce.* Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. Isobel. Curwood. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. *Bobbie, General Manager.* Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Toya the Unlike. Kelly. (Small, Maynard.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. *Stella Maris.* Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Battle of Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. The Reflections of a Beginning Husband. Martin. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Ellen Key. Nystrom-Hamilton. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. Personal Power. Keith. (Cassell.) $1.75.

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JUVENILES

1. The Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Winston.) $1.20.
2. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Career of Dr. Weaver. Backus. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Personal Power. Thomas. (Cassell.) $1.75.
2. A Dirge of the Sea Children. Rand. (Sherman French.) $1.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Battle of Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Pussy Black Face. Saunders. (Page.) $1.40.
3. The Magic Aeroplane. Henderson. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. A History of the People of the United States. Vol. VIII. McMaster. (Appleton.) $2.50.
2. Auto Blue Book. (Auto Blue Book Publishing Co.) $2.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Pedagogical Anthropology. Montessori. (Stokes.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Americans in Panama. Scott. (Statler.) $1.35.
3. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Gods are Athirst. France. (Lane.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Gates. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Song of the Cardinal. Stratton-Porter. (Bobbs-Merril.) $1.50.
5. Jezebel. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) $1.00.
2. Auction of To-day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Son of Columbus. Seawell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Sa' Zada Tale. Fraser. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
2. El Dorado. Orczy. (Doran.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Michael. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.35.
6. An Affair of State. Snaith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade. (Scribner.) $7.50.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
4. The Life of John Paul Jones. De Koven. (Scribner.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Lo, Michael! Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Household Helps. Andel. (Andel.) $1.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. A Dear Little Girl's Summer Holiday. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
3. Bed Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 75 cents.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Young Fishermen. Pendexter. (Small, Maynard.) $1.00.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Punky Dunk. (Volland.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Ambassadress. Wriothesley. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Nancy Lee. Ward. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Mary Frances Cook Book. Fryer. (Thurston.) $1.20.
3. Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout. Wilson. (Sturgis and Walton.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton) $1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Field Days in California. Torrey. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

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4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Jumping-Off Place. Shackleford. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.
5. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Way Stations. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Reflections of a Beginning Husband. Martin. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. Our World. Strong. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Day of Days. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Open Window. Thurston. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Heaven. Loti. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Motor Boys on the Border. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) $1.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Alaska. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Little Thank You. Connor. (Putnam.) $1.25.
3. The Blossom Shop. Mullins. (Page.) $1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Making the Farm Pay. Bowsfield. (Forbes.) $1.00.
4. The American Flower Garden. Blanchard. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. How to Play Baseball. (Crowell.) $1.00.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) $1.40.
5. The Scarlet Rider. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.35.
6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
2. Care Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) $1.40.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Exercising in Bed. Bennett. (Physical Culture Publishing Co.) $1.50.
3. Death. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
4. Poems. 3 vols. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout. Wilson. (Sturgis and Walton.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Alaska. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Army Boy in the Philippines. Kilbourne. (Penn.) $1.20.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Rover Boys on the Border. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggars. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Air Pilot. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

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TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp, Clark.) $1.50.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.35.
6. Degarmo's Wife. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Roast Beef Medium. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.20.
4. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bed Time Stories. Gans. (Fenno.) 60 cents.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Port of Adventure. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
2. Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.50.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	439
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	350
3. The Southerner. (Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.	141
4. The Judgment House. Parker (Harper.) $1.35	119
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35	81
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	69

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